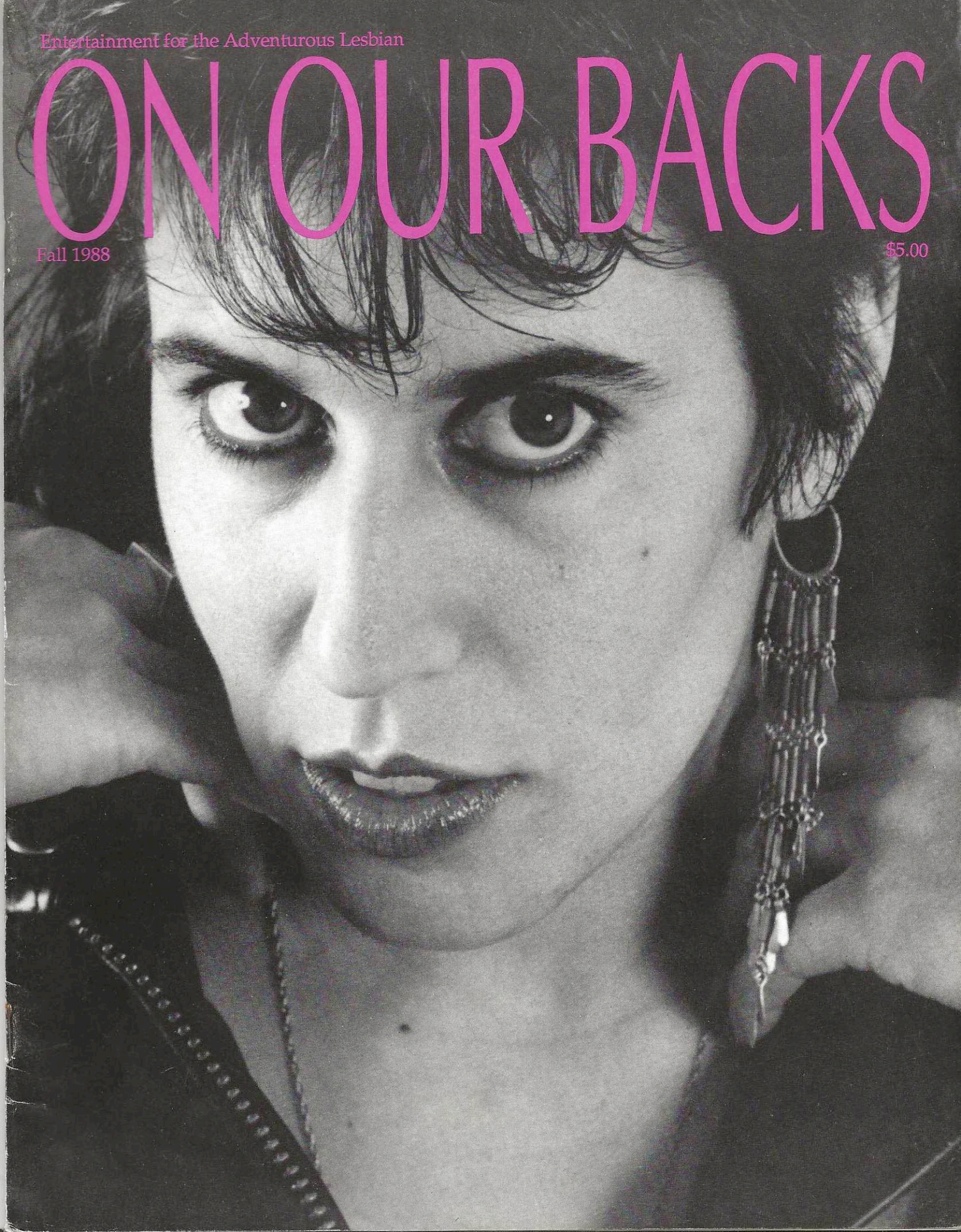


Entertainment for the Adventurous Lesbian

ON OUR BACKS

Fall 1988

\$5.00



THE WORLD'S SEXIEST CLOTHING



Dreams of Eros

"The Most Elegant and Erotic Photo Diary and Catalog Ever"

Join the world's most beautiful women as they explore Hollywood's erotic underground. *Dreams of Eros* features over a hundred exquisite photographs and is produced to the highest artistic standards. Within this **debut collector's volume**, you receive

two original works. A sensual photo diary and a catalog of hundreds of designer leather outfits previously available only to Hollywood's sexiest elite. Live your fantasy with elegant and sensual fashions from the Dreams of Eros Collection.

Please send me *Dreams of Eros*. I am enclosing a check or money order for: \$15.00 (\$12.50 + \$2.50 shipping and handling).
CA residents add 7% sales tax. Add \$12.00 for overseas shipments. Please allow 6 weeks for delivery.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I certify that I am over 18 years old. _____

Send to: Artisan Marketing Company
4320 Stevens Creek Blvd. Suite 120
San Jose, CA 95129

Sorry - We cannot accept Canadian orders.

CATALOG ORDERS ONLY
MC and Visa purchase price \$15.00
1-800-443-0100 Ext. 757 J
Call Toll Free 24 hours a day - Sorry No COD



Dawn Lewis

COLUMNS

- 3 Letters to the Editor
- 7 Toys For Us ... Susie Bright
Queen for a Day
- 9 Fantasies ... Bear Johnston
Long-distance lust
- 10 Sexpoint ... Ann-Marie Hendrickson
My Date with Holly Near
- 13 Sextracts ... Susie Bright
Lesbian News from All Over

FICTION

- 20 After the Fall ... Christine Cassidy
What really goes on at publishing conventions?
- 28 Girls' School ... Ann Wertheim
"I kept rubbing my clit and thinking about Tammy getting it in front of the whole class."
- 30 The Vampire ... Pat Califia
From the upcoming book Macho Sluts

FEATURE

- 16 Lesbians of the 80's ... Arlene Stein and Jackie Urla
A lesbian roundtable discussion

PICTURES

- 12 The Body Shop ... Various Artists
The whole is greater than the sum of the parts - or is it?
- 23 Dirty Girls' Guide to London ... Jill Posener
Don't Leave Home Without It!
- 32 Autumn Afternoon ... Tee Corinne
Turning to love in autumn

- 46 Contributors' Notes
- 47 Classifieds

Cover: Susan Wilson
Model: Marla B.B.

ADVENTUROUS LESBIAN LITERATURE available at

A DIFFERENT LIGHT

BOOKS • MAGAZINES • VIDEOS • and MORE

489 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114
415/431-0891

548 Hudson Street
New York, NY 10014
(212) 989-4850

4014 Santa Monica Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90029
(213) 668-0629

THE FIRST STROKE

Cappy Kotz (aka Crystal Bailey)

THE FIRST STROKE

By Cappy Kotz



"Pure lesbian passion—intense, unkind, vital, on target and utterly necessary... These are women you could wait for the way I've waited for this book... Makes us see what life might be like if we all got a little more."

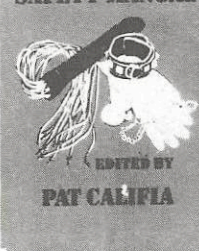
— Pat Califia

\$7.95

THE LESBIAN S/M SAFETY MANUAL

Edited by Pat Califia

THE LESBIAN S/M SAFETY MANUAL

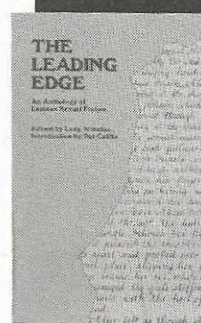


An essential guide for the leather dyke who wants to be well informed about how to play safe and stay healthy. Information on emotional safety, physical safety, first aid, STD's, penetratio and "How to Make It Hurt So Good."

\$7.95

THE LEADING EDGE

Edited by Lady Winston

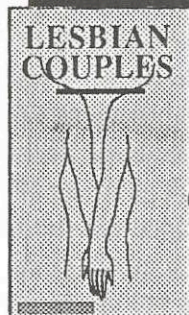


An anthology of erotic fiction written by lesbians for lesbians. A diverse selection of writers, many of them contributors to *On Our Backs*, makes this collection an ideal primer to the world of lesbian erotica.

\$9.95

LESBIAN COUPLES

D. Merilee Clunis & G. DorseyGreen

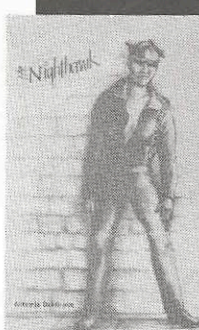


The first guide for lesbians that tackles the pleasures and problems of being half a couple. An eminently useful book, particularly its sections on understanding each other and resolving conflicts.

\$10.95

NIGHTHAWK

Artemis Oakgrove

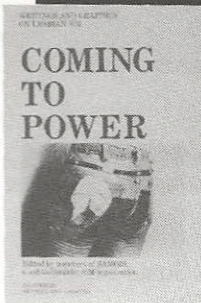


The author of *The Lesbian Throne Trilogy* mixes lust, passion and desire in this erotically charged S/M lesbian fantasy about dangerous, inner-city women. The lead character was inspired by a picture of Rachael in *On Our Backs*.

\$8.95

COMING TO POWER

Edited by members of SAMOIS, a lesbian/feminist S/M organization



A ground-breaking collection of writings, graphics, humor and erotica focusing on lesbian S/M.

\$8.95

We also carry the complete line of videos from *Fatale Video*: *Clips*, *Private Pleasures*, *Shadows*, *BurLEZk*, *Fun with a Sausage & L'Ingenue*, and of course, *On Our Backs*.

A
DIFFERENT
LIGHT

- Phone Orders
- Mail Orders
- Special Orders
- Gift Certificates

GAY AND LESBIAN LITERATURE

Ad by Mario Mondelli for New Faces Graphics, SF (86)

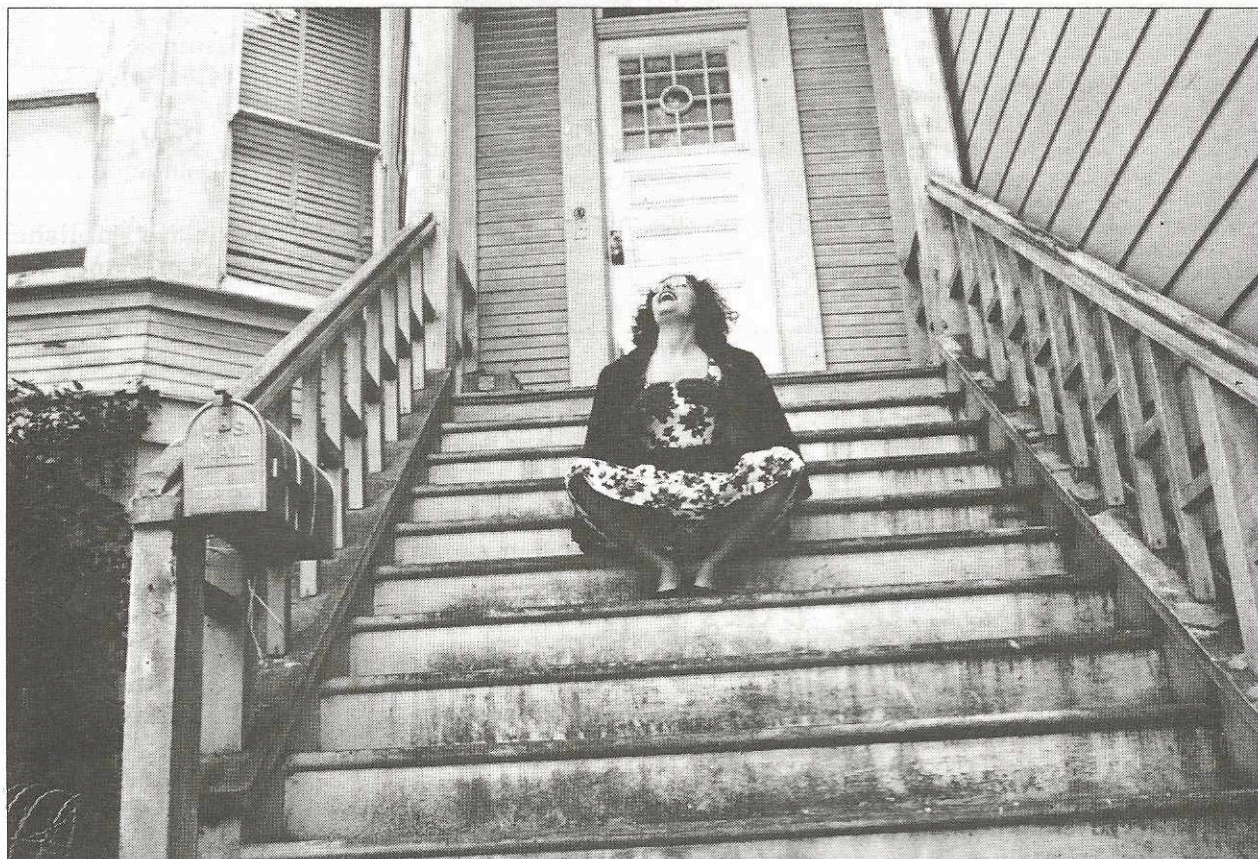


PHOTO: TRACY MOSTOVOY

I love you. My friends love you. You inspire me to be the sexual lesbian I am. Keep up the wonderful, creative work. It is a gift to us all.

Clitora DeVill
Dorchester, MA

We think you and your readers have been duped by an advertiser. On page 40 of the Spring issue is a prominent ad for three "exciting, stimulating video tapes" from "Bean Blossom, the alternate lesbian life-style series." Viewing portions of any of them will reveal that they're male-oriented pieces of the lowest order - the sort of material which will make the average dyke wonder whether Andrea Dworkin isn't right, after all! "New," as this ad trumpets, is a relative term, calling for subjective judgment. But both of us have clerked in adult stores, and we can assure you these videos have been on the shelves for some five years. And neither of us can recall having sold or rented one to a woman.

"Bean Blossom," indeed! When did

this sleazy male-owned and operated outfit change its name? Probably just for purposes of the *On Our Backs* ad. Check the raunchy s/m publications aimed at a male readership and you'll find no mention of "Bean Blossom." And you'll see that the ad copy takes a very different tack. Better yet, request copies of the videos, scan the copy on the cartons, then view the videos.

We have our own dyke porn producers, *Fatale* and *Tiger Rose*. You also carried an ad for a women's wrestling group, *Lady Hawke*. All the afore-mentioned are legitimate and exactly as represented. None is in a position to defend against these opportunistic phonies, so we're doing it for them - and for the sake of the unsuspecting dyke who might be tricked into buying "Bean Blossom" garbage.

The personal ads in which swinging male-female bi couples seek dykes for threesomes, foursomes, or moresomes are bad enough, though they presumably are honest about their aims. Your otherwise great publication is for the adventurous *lesbian* - not the unsus-

pecting dyke who puts her trust in you, thus setting herself up to be a victim of some male slobs utilizing your pages to pilfer her purse.

Davey Murtry
Beth Hohmeyer
Sacramento, CA

Editor's Note: We know better than anyone that you can't fool a dyke when it comes to authentic lesbian porn. If the immature, exaggerated ad copy doesn't scream "Straight!" the product surely will. Our ad dept. bends over backwards to find lesbian-owned and progressive quality products to offer our readers. We're proud of the quality, and proud of the fact that we are the only sex magazine, gay or straight, to have such standards. Sadly, there just aren't enough alternative products to satisfy lesbian needs. Add to that a fair number of dykes who do use "straight" products. Look for the words "by women for women." Although that label is being used recently by "straight" businesses, On Our Backs allows it to appear in our magazine only in ads which truly are by women for women.



Celebrate your sexuality. Proudly. Joyously.
At Eve's Garden, an elegant sexuality boutique, owned
and operated by women. We grow pleasurable things for
your mind, body and spirit.

Open Tues-Sat 1-7pm
119 West 57th Street, Suite 1406 New York, NY 10019 (212) 757-8651 or send \$1 for our catalogue.

eves garden

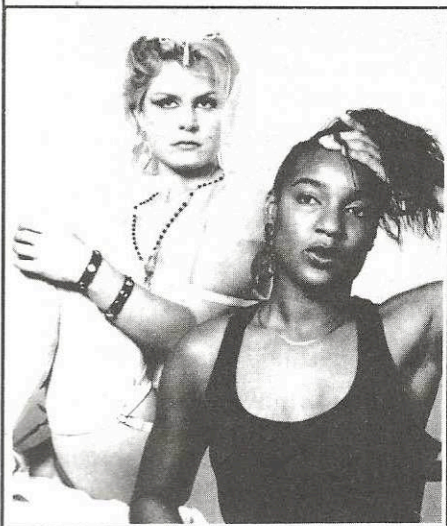
LESBIAN STRIPTease

*3 hours of live erotic performance
by lesbian entertainers for only*

\$22.50 ea.

BURLEZK LIVE!

**NEW RELEASE
BURLEZK LIVE! II**



For three years, from July 1984-1987, nearly 100 erotic performers have danced for over 15,000 women every week in San Francisco. This special and unique show, surely the longest running live performance in lesbian history, was called BurLEZk. Fatale Video has captured some of the many exciting moments of this charming, sexy and sometimes shocking lesbian striptease show. A great party tape! (90 min each)

ORDER HERE ➔

ON OUR BACKS

**526 Castro
San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 861-4723**

**Publisher
Debi Sundahl**

**Associate Publisher
Nan Kinney**

**Editor
Susie Bright**

**Editorial Assistant
Maryhope Tobin**

**Distribution
Greta Christina**

**Design Intern
Gia Giasullo
Amy**

ON OUR BACKS (ISSN 08902224) is published quarterly by Blush Entertainment Group, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114. Subscriptions are \$19/yr USA; \$24/yr Canada (first-class only); \$30/yr outside USA (air-mail only). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to ON OUR BACKS, 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ADVERTISING: Rate sheet and production assistance available on request. For assistance call: (415) 861-4723

RETAIL OUTLETS: Terms are 40% discount, freight pre-paid, consignment, and return of mastheads of unsold copies for credit. Minimum order ten copies. Send order to: 526 Castro, San Francisco, CA 94114.

SUBMISSIONS: Photographers' and writers' guidelines available upon request with SASE. We are not responsible for unsolicited materials sent without SASE. Allow 6-8 weeks for response.

Any similarity between characters appearing in ON OUR BACKS and real persons is coincidental. The representation or appearance of any person in ON OUR BACKS is not to be taken as representative of her sexual preference.

Copyright © 1988 by Blush Entertainment Group. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without prior written permission from the publisher.

Printed in USA by Alonzo Printing and Somerset Press. Desktop Publishing by TechArt.

MAKE THE HOLIDAYS EROTIC LESBIAN SEX VIDEOS CLIPS

Special Holiday Offer!
Complete Set of 3
only
\$89.99

\$23.00 per tape

PRIVATE PLEASURES



Home alone, Asian beauty Mariko has some intimate fun watching her VCR, on which Terri and Caerage star in an elegant and passionate seduction scene set in a romantic penthouse suite. (30 min)

SHADOWS



In Shadows, Terri and Caerage star in a leather lust scene, enjoying the unique playfulness and intensity that is lesbian s/m. (30 min)



Five women invite you for a walk on the wild side! Explore self love and anal pleasure with Greta; scarf play, oral and safe sex with Coca Jo and Houlihan; female ejaculation and tribadism with Fanny and Kenni. The most exciting video yet from Fatale.

FATALE
By and For Women
Video

To order by mail, please complete this form and return it along with your check, money order or credit card information to:
FATALE VIDEO, 526 CASTRO STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

Please Gift Wrap My Order and Send To:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Sign Gift Card from: _____

Method of Payment: Check Enclosed Money Order Enclosed
or Charge my Credit Card: Visa
Print cardholders name: _____
Signature: _____
Account #: _____ Exp. Date: _____

# of Tapes				
VHS BETA	Title	Price	Total	
_____	Lesbian Sex Collection	69.99	\$ _____	
_____	Clips	34.95	\$ _____	
_____	Private Pleasures	34.95	\$ _____	

# of Tapes				
VHS BETA	Title	Price	Total	
_____	Shadows	\$34.95	\$ _____	
_____	BurLEZk Live!	\$22.50	\$ _____	
_____	BurLEZk Live! II	\$22.50	\$ _____	

Postage and Handling \$ 3.00

CA residents add \$ _____
6% sales tax
Total Enclosed \$ _____

For delivery by December 25th, orders must be received by December 10th.

Your Spring 1988 *On Our Backs* was the best yet. Each issue is getting more breathless. The finest stroke book bar none. Your writers are super.

My lover and I are into selecting videos with some great scenes. Here's our favorites:

1) *Erotic in Nature*: (X), with Kit Marseilles; 2) *Emmanuelle*: (R), all the women; 3) *Personal Best*: (R), Mariel Hemingway; 4) *Desert Hearts*: (R), Patricia Charbonneau; 5) *Princess Charmine*: (X), Nicki Charm; 6) *Camp Beaverlake*: (X), cutest golden shower scene; and 7) *Playboy Review #1*: (R), all.

Would give anything to see Kit Marseilles again! Simply gorgeous!

C. C. La Tange
Anaheim, CA

Thanks for a great magazine that keeps getting better and better. A magazine with hairy armpits and tattoos and real bodies and black women and white women and leather and lace and boots and high heels. . . ooh, I'm overcome!

Satu-M.
San Francisco, CA

Loved your Summer '88 issue! The photo of your staff was excellent! The "Bathroom Sweet" was warm and erotic - loved it! After reading "The Garden," I got so excited, I tried it myself. WOW! Zucchini's are Nature's delight!

B. Pelke
Des Moines, WA

I was wondering about what it would be like if the women in this country knew what sex would be like if they were circumcised. Ten years ago, when I was 24, I was visiting the Philippines, and my mother had asked me if I would like to have myself circumcised by her uncle, a doctor. I really didn't know what she meant. She explained to me that he specializes in circumcising women for reasons of hygiene, increased sexual arousal, and to reduce the risk of uterine cancer. She told me that she and her sister were both going to have this done, so being a good sport, I decided, if these two were willing to have increased sexual arousal, then I decided what the hell. My lover at the time was too frightened and declined the offer.

Having the hood of my clitoris removed has been heavenly. The procedure is really quite simple, using a little novocaine into the labium minus, a small excision above the hood and the surrounding skin covering the clitoris, cauterization of the area, maybe 10 days to 2 weeks of carefully urination, and especially keeping the area dry and clean.

Is there a doctor who could explain to me why this procedure is not known or more widespread?

Celina DeNunno
Santa Rosa, CA

A friend just presented me with a copy of *On Our Backs* - what a revelation! I got wet just turning the pages. I have long been turned on by dominance/submission "games" between women, but have never seen its glories so openly and lovingly celebrated. For the time being, my own playing is in the form of fantasy, dreaming of beautiful willful tops to subjugate the bottom in me.

What I need is fuel to drive that fantasy, in the form of fiction. I had a whole collection of soft-core novels in the sixties, published by Midwood, and though probably written for men, were wildly erotic for me. The ones I remember were by Kimberly Kemp and Dallas Mayo. Does anyone remember these? Are they available anywhere? Are there collectors of lesbian erotica that might have them? Any information would be greatly appreciated.

S. Gilbert
Santa Barbara, CA

Editor's Note: If anyone can answer the questions in the above two letters, we'd be happy to print your responses.

I discovered your magazine about a year ago and have been meaning to write and tell you how much I love it. I especially love the s/m, B&D fiction and articles. In the Spring issue, "It's Still Number One" was pretty hot. LOVED the picture accompanying it of the woman pissing. Please don't be swayed by these women who write in to discourage you from printing the s/m and kinky stuff. The dirtier, more deviant and perverted, the better. Let them read *Ladies Home Journal*. Keep

up the good (and dirty) work.

Carol Sutter
Los Angeles, CA.

Thank you so much for the "Garden" story, and especially for the drawing. They took me back to my fumbling adolescent days - my first dildoes were vegetables. The very first one was a carrot, but it broke off inside me and I had to go to the hospital and get it pulled out. A rather traumatic experience for a 15-year old fledgling pervert. Zucchini's and cucumbers turned out much better - being thicker they were a lot safer, and I discovered, quite a bit more fun.

Anyway, the story brought back pleasant memories, and the drawing was enchanting. How delightful to see something so delicate and wholesome and so erotic. Eat your greens!

P. S. How about doing a story on femme-on-femme couples?

Mary Love
Oakland, CA

My first copy of *On Our Backs* arrived yesterday in the mail. It's not for me. I do not advocate s/m in any lifestyle; however, I'll fight to the last breath for the right for those who wish to practice it as consenting partners.

C. Ogg
New York, NY

The feminist bookstore in St. Louis said you were out of business. But then a sample copy came in the mail from your advertising representative. The issue came up in a bookstore meeting, was voted down, then the magazine was "misplaced." I couldn't even find it in the trash in the alley.

For the longest time I couldn't find *On Our Backs* in St. Louis. Nowhere I went had it or the address. Out of business again.

Then the feminist bookstore went out of business (be careful what you wish on others, it may happen to you) and the boys opened a bookstore. Now us grown-up lesbians can finally get *On Our Backs* in St. Louis.

Glad to hear you're in business in St. Louis, and may you stay that way.

A. P. Newbound
St. Louis, MO

GAY DAY MAMA

Susie Sexpert Reports: I have been going to the San Francisco Gay Parade for nine years, but always as a spectator, never a marcher. The idea of being stuck in some *Lesbian Liberation in Our Lifetime* contingent and thereby miss all the bands, costumes, Gay Fathers, Dyke Lawyers, and Androgynous Outrage was just too painful for me to contemplate. In 1987, I almost caved in and signed up for the *Precision Whip Drill Team*, but just watching them march and snap by literally thousands of gaping spectators who didn't know whether to laugh, scream or come in their pants was a vantage point I truly treasured.

This year, a month before the Parade, my lover Honey Lee was gloating over her new BMW sport bike. "I'm going to join the *Dykes on Bikes* this year. Wanna ride?"

I fidgeted. I fussed. *Dykes on Bikes* leads the parade every year and tend to be the hottest looking women on the boulevard. On the other hand, who wants to be crawling along on a sport bike, a decoration on the back seat, while the rest of the excitement follows?

"OK," I said. "I'll ride for the first few blocks, then I'm getting off to watch the others."

That morning Honey Lee went down to the junior high school where all the *Dykes on Bikes* assemble. I took my time putting on every piece of leather I could find in our apartment. My prize was leather gauntlets and thigh-high leggings, which together with my cut-out cyclone tit minidress made me look like Catwoman on the Rampage.

One of my favorite parts of Gay Day is getting there. Most city dwellers take public transit from their neighborhoods to the parade site. For example, at my streetcar stop, there were 15 very gay and delightful people waiting to pack into the train, which was already stuffed with happy homosexuals and one or two rather bewildered straights.

One of the reasons I get so exasperated with people who've never been to San Francisco Gay Day is they have never

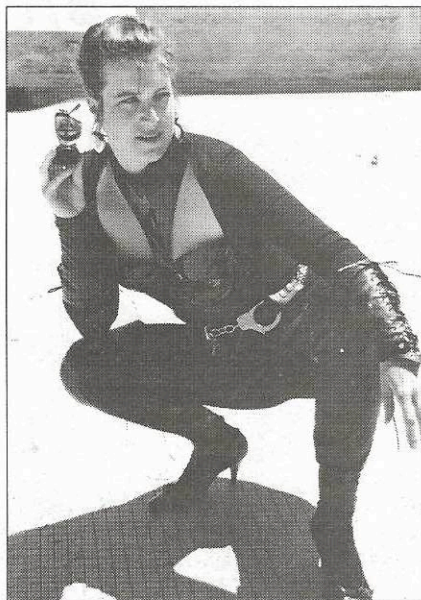


PHOTO: KYLE ZIMMERMAN

had the experience of *taking over a city* to celebrate. It's like the whole world is turned upside down and the heterosexuals who would ordinarily be oppressing, ignoring and assuming god-knows-what about us are all of a sudden caught in our tidal wave. You can see on their faces what they're thinking: "Is there something wrong with me? Why aren't I gay? How come they're so happy?"

We're happy because that's what sexual liberation will do for you, buddy!

But back to the biker schoolyard. Honey Lee was waiting for me at the end of the line, so I just hopped on and checked my lipstick in the side mirror. Backseat Decorations of the World Unite! Suddenly I realized this was going to be a gas.

The second we hit the street, the crowd was roaring. I smiled at the audience on one side and they cheered. Cameras popped off by the dozen. Well, if they'd do that for a smile, I decided to try pointing my leather braided legs in the air and pushing my cyclone tits to their limit.

What a reaction! I realized in a flash that inside every dyke on a bike there is a closet Rose Parade. The crowd treated each one of us like a returning war hero. I tried a little Princess Di wave. I tried humping Honey Lee from behind. Each gesture on my part drew another round

of applause. I haven't had so much glory since I played Goldilocks in kindergarten.

When the bikes reach the end of their route, they all park three deep in a one-block area. The serious cruising begins. Girls are running around with cameras and virtual index files of phone numbers. I left Honey for a few moments to strut my stuff. When I looked over to see how she was doing, some long, lean, silver butch was leaning over to light her cigarette.

I don't think I've every voyeurized someone coming on to my lover before. It was hot. I got goose bumps. I could tell that Honey Lee was somewhat oblivious to this woman's intention (the calluses of married life) so I swished by as if to collect my gear and move on. "See you at the *On Our Backs* booth," I said, but I whispered, "Did you get her number?"

Alright, it was time to stop swishing and matchmaking and get over to our magazine booth, where we intended to sell 2,000 copies of the new issue plus half a dozen BORN TO FUCK buttons. I started over to our pink and black banner flapping in front of the City Hall fountain.

Leaving the buzz of *Dykes on Bikes* was a little like leaving an orgy - that post-performance letdown. I was just another queer in a sea of 260,000 others. But in mid-droop I noticed a group of feverish frolickers pointing and screaming in my direction. At ten yards away I couldn't recognize them, but obviously they were another squadron of fans - let me at 'em! We flew to each other like a Clairol hairspray commercial. The closer we got... the weirder it looked.

"She's a girl!" one of them gasped. "They don't get any girlier than this," I replied.

I've been through this before. At over 6' in heels I am frequently mistaken for a queen at boys' bars and genderfuck gatherings.

But to hell with their mistake. I was the perfect queen on Gay Day, astride an iron horse, and leaning on a prince.

W
E
C
O
B
S

SHE'S UNIQUE, CLASSY

THE OUTRAGEOUS DELIGHTS HER

THE EXOTIC EXCITES HER

FOR THE HOLIDAYS, GIVE HER

ON OUR BACKS



Tracy Mostovoy

☐ One Year \$19

☐ I already have a sub, please extend

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

☐ Two Year \$38

☐ I already have a sub, please extend

Name

Address

City

State

Zip

ON OUR BACKS
526 CASTRO STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

☐ Send gift card from



VOICE ON THE END OF THE LINE

The phone rang at 1:10 AM. I hoped this was what I'd been waiting for. A week before, I had placed an ad in the personal classifieds of *On Our Backs*. It read, "Hot and Horny Lesbians, call me, let's fuck on the phone".

Nothing was too unusual for my endless nymphomania. I walk in rhythms of being fucked. My hormones go erratic when I see another dyke, or anything that resembles an androgynous looking woman. My motto is "so many women, so little time". I'd much rather eat pussy than eat food. It was natural for me to wonder what kind of fun I could have on the phone.

I picked up the receiver. "Hello." This was my first call so I wasn't sure what to expect.

A deep voice with a southern drawl responded. "Ah, hel-lo. My name is Loni and I'm calling about the ad."

I could tell she was as nervous as I.

"My name is Corey, what can I do for you tonight?" I said.

"I'm not sure! I guess you could say I'm bein' brave... I've never done nothing like this before!"

"Me neither."

We both cracked up. From that point on it was continuous talk. For two strangers we sure had a lot to say.

Finally, our conversation slowed down.

"What are you wearing?" I asked.

"I'm sitting here on the floor, leaning up against the wall. I have on a white cut-off T-shirt and my underwear. It's hot here in Texas."

I'd like it to get a little hotter, I thought.

"What are you wearing?"

"I'm laying here on my waterbed, naked."

I had a candle lit and had placed several sex toys on the nightstand just in case I needed them. But that was my secret.

"I wish I was there in Buffalo. I'd show



PHOTO: JILL POSENER

you what a real Texan woman could do for you!"

Her honey voice was driving me crazy. I imagined this dyke in my bed. She could mount my cock and dig those spurs into my side. I'd bet the best bronco she'd ever ride.

"Yeah, well, what can you can do for me right now?"

Loni laughed as if to ask how much I could take. The distance was rapidly melting. I could feel my clit swelling, my pussy creaming with anticipation.

"If I was in your bed tonight, I would plant tiny kisses all over your neck, until you squirmed," she said. "I'd find my way to your breasts and suck on them like candy. I'd rub your nipples hard, I'd pull and bite them. Does that transmit a message to your cunt, baby? You better be wet for me when I finally get there."

That was no problem. In fact, if she ever gave me head she'd come up with a mouthful that she'd never forget.

The waterbed started rocking; I was moving under the sheets.

"Loni, I'm beggin' you baby, can I

stroke myself?"

"Yes, Corey."

I stretched out, spread my legs and touched my cunt. Oh, I was so wet.

"I can take anything you give me, Loni."

"Beg me," she said.

"Fuck me, please fuck me." I whispered.

"I'm stroking myself too, Corey, it feels so good."

I could tell by her voice and moans that she was going at it too!

"Loni, I have a dildo here, I'm going to slip it in my cunt." I felt for the toy on the stand. "I'm sliding it in, Loni. It's in, baby, deep. You're really fucking me."

I was pumping my pussy with one hand and stroking my clit with the other. My head cradled the phone between my sweaty shoulder and ear. I was fucking myself frantically, panting.

"Cum for me," Loni demanded. "Now, cum for me."

I closed my eyes, and for a moment there was no distance between us. No phone, no line, no boundaries. I shuddered. There was silence on the line.

"Loni?"

"Corey? Yeah, I'm still with you, that was good, baby! I can smell you all the way out here."

"It sure has been a pleasure talking with you Corey."

"Yeah, in more ways than one. Thank-you."

"We'll talk again sometime, okay?"

"Alright. Goodnight, Loni."

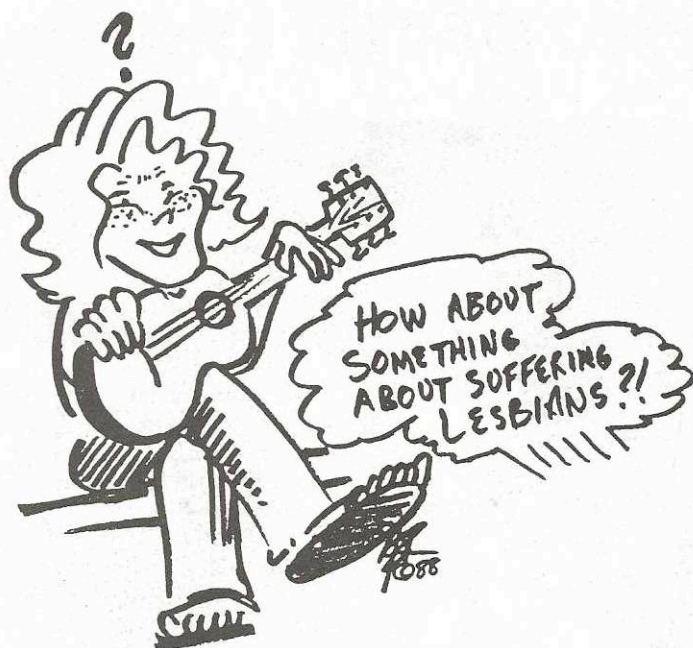
"Goodnight, Corey."

I rolled over and hung up the phone. I glanced at the clock: 2:30 AM. I wondered if I would ever hear from my Texan again. I snuggled up under the blankets and closed my eyes.

And the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Hello, my name is Ellen, I'm calling about your ad."



MY DATE WITH HOLLY NEAR

ILLUSTRATION: JACKI RANDALL

Heart pounding, I walked up the steps to Holly's apartment and rang her doorbell. Even as I stood outside the door, despite my nervousness, I could feel that special warmth that is Holly's own. The door opened and there was Holly, smiling of course, looking just like her pictures: gentle, strong, tender, sensitive, committed.

"I'm so glad you're here," she smiled, hugging me warmly. I smiled back. She smiled even more warmly. We stood in the foyer, smiling at each other. "Doesn't it feel good to smile?" smiled Holly. "There is strength in women's laughter," I smiled back.

Could it really be true? Could I really be here, on a date with *Holly Near*? I pinched myself to make sure it was all really happening. Already I felt so calm and comfortable, it must be true.

I could hardly tell exactly what it was that Holly was wearing, each earth tone blended so imperceptibly into the next. I stepped forward and bumped right into Holly (against the earth tone decor of her apartment she was almost invisible). We laughed happily, two women together, yes, together, in spite of everything.

"Come in, come in," laughed Holly, and we walked into her living room together. "Would you like some tea?" she smiled.

"Of course, Holly, if it's not too much trouble," I blushed.

"Trouble?" Holly's laugh wafted out

from the kitchen like muted guitar notes. She walked in carrying two earth tone mugs. "Our sisters are struggling against injustice and oppression throughout the world and you think making tea is trouble? Ah, how we North American white feminists are blinded by our privilege."

I felt my face grow hot, my blush grow deeper. How could I have been so insensitive? As tears welled up in my eyes, I felt two strong gentle arms surround me.

"Have some tea," Holly murmured. I took the cup from her hands and drank. The tea was sweet, strong, gentle, warm, just like Holly.

"There is strength in women's pain," Holly said, gently but firmly. "Let's not turn it inwards. Let's take hold of our rage and use it to change the world. Let's start fighting right now!"

Holly's eyes flashed and she pulled me close to her. "Ann-Marie, let's sing! We are cultural workers! We must be the voice of those who have no voice!"

What a moment! What a woman! She began to sing and her sweet warm, powerful, soothing voice made my ears start to ring. What songs she sang, her own of course, unmistakably so, so sweet, so universal, so vague, so unthreatening, so unspecific, so charmingly feminine! I gazed at her, dazzled, feeling something so strong, so comforting, a feeling I almost recognized but couldn't quite

name, and whispered, "Holly, you're so... so... so wimpy."

She smiled warmly and breathed, "There is safety in wimpiness," and pressed her mouth to mine.

We kissed. My head spun. The feeling was growing ever more overpowering, confusing, indescribable. "Oh, Holly, Holly," I gasped. My head fell back, my eyelids fluttered, my lips parted, my body shuddered and convulsed in the most intense, overwhelming yawn of my entire life. I passed out.

When I came to, I was back in my own room, in my own bed. Could it all have been a beautiful dream? I ran downstairs. There were all my housemates in the kitchen.

"Ann-Marie, god, we thought you'd never wake up, you've been sleeping for five days straight. In fact after Holly paid the cab driver and carried you into your room, we all just felt so nice and sleepy we went right to bed. Pat didn't even make it into her bedroom, she conked out on the stairs."

"Holly carried me in?" I whispered. "Five days ago? Did she... did she...?"

"Yeah, she left this autographed picture for you."

I could hardly believe it, but there it was! *To Ann-Marie, in struggle, love, Holly.* As I stared at the photo I felt my eyelids growing heavy and.... The End?

DUKAKIS'S SECRET LESBIAN PAST

Thanks to the likes of Time magazine and the Today Show, everyone knows that the Democratic presidential contender is a Greek-American whose family emigrated from the island of Lesbos.

Right up until Dukakis became a serious candidate, Lesbos was best known as the home of Sappho, the most notorious female homosexual of all time; regarded by the Greeks as their greatest lyric poet.

Why is it then that when the mainstream media do special features on Dukakis's ancestral home, they conclude that the most outstanding aspect of Lesbos life and history is the annual sardine season? It's a bit like investigating a politician from Bethlehem without mentioning a certain manger that once lay there.

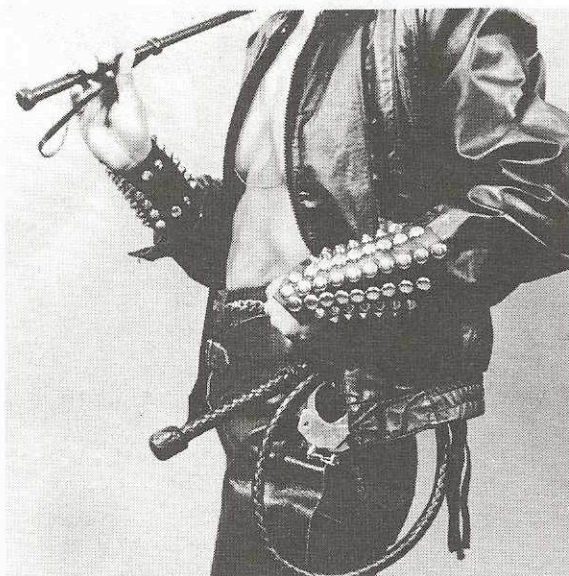
Sappho not only was a big deal in the fifth and sixth century BC, it is her legend that draws American and European gay tourists by the droves to this island every year in search of the perfect tan and a little goddess worship. The Today Show's cameramen must have spent days trying to get footage without any queers in it.

Why isn't the straight press mentioning the obvious? Apparently to mention Dukakis and Sappho in the same breath is considered a major embarrassment to the candidate, even though his gender and sexual preferences are rather self-evident.

*If you forget me, think
of our gifts to Aphrodite
and all the loveliness we shared
all the violet tiaras
braided rosebuds, dill and
crows twined around your young neck,
myrrh poured on your head
and on soft mats girls with
all that they most wished for beside them
- Sappho*

After their first two wildly successful conferences, the National Leather Association is finalizing plans for Living in Leather III, the National Leather/SM Conference, to be held October 7-10 in Seattle, Washington, at the Seattle Center. "When we started the National Conference, we wanted to provide a forum of education, discussion and unity for all men and women who participate in the leather/SM lifestyle," said Jan Lyon, Chairperson, LIL III. Write for registration info: NLA-LIL III, P.O. Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107, or call Jan Lyon at (206) 7849572.

LIVING IN LEATHER III



Suzanne Wolfe

MADONNA CRUISES

Get into the groove, girls! Envy the lucky lesbian who didn't have a date Friday night, July 1st. She may very well have been watching erotic history being made on *Late Night With David Letterman*, perhaps the juiciest sapphic titillation since Kristy McNichol moved in with Liberace's niece.

David's guest that evening was Sandra Bernhard, a New York comedienne/actress described by *The Village Voice* as a "butch Carly Simon," who has a hit one-woman show on Broadway.

Sandra, looking like the cat who caught the canary, introduced her new best friend, pop star Madonna.

Dressed in identical men's black shoes, kneelength denim shorts and white t-shirts, the two belles of Broadway proceeded to tease and taunt one another about the "true" nature of their relationship.

When Letterman bored Madonna with questions about her role in the Broadway play "Speed-the-Plow," she cut in with, "I wanna talk about me and Sandra."

Letterman obliged and asked the two of them if he could join in on their "late night loo-loos."

Madonna hooted, "Not unless you got a sex change

operation," and nearly fell over in her chair.

Bernhard's jaw dropped. But Madonna kept pushing her love over the borderline with comments such as "we split each others split ends," until even a flustered Letterman dubbed them "a charming couple."

"Where do you go for a night on the town?" David asked.

"We usually end up at the Cubby..." started Madonna. "...Hole," finished Sandra. The Cubby Hole is the only functioning lesbian bar in Manhattan.

When the two stars weren't grabbing each other in fits of laughter or finishing each other's sentences, they seemed deeply involved in a daring game of "I'll come out if you do." Sandra was protective and more cautious than Madonna at first, but when left to her own devices, it was Miss M who got cold feet.

"Sandra's just been using me to get in bed with Sean," she announced.

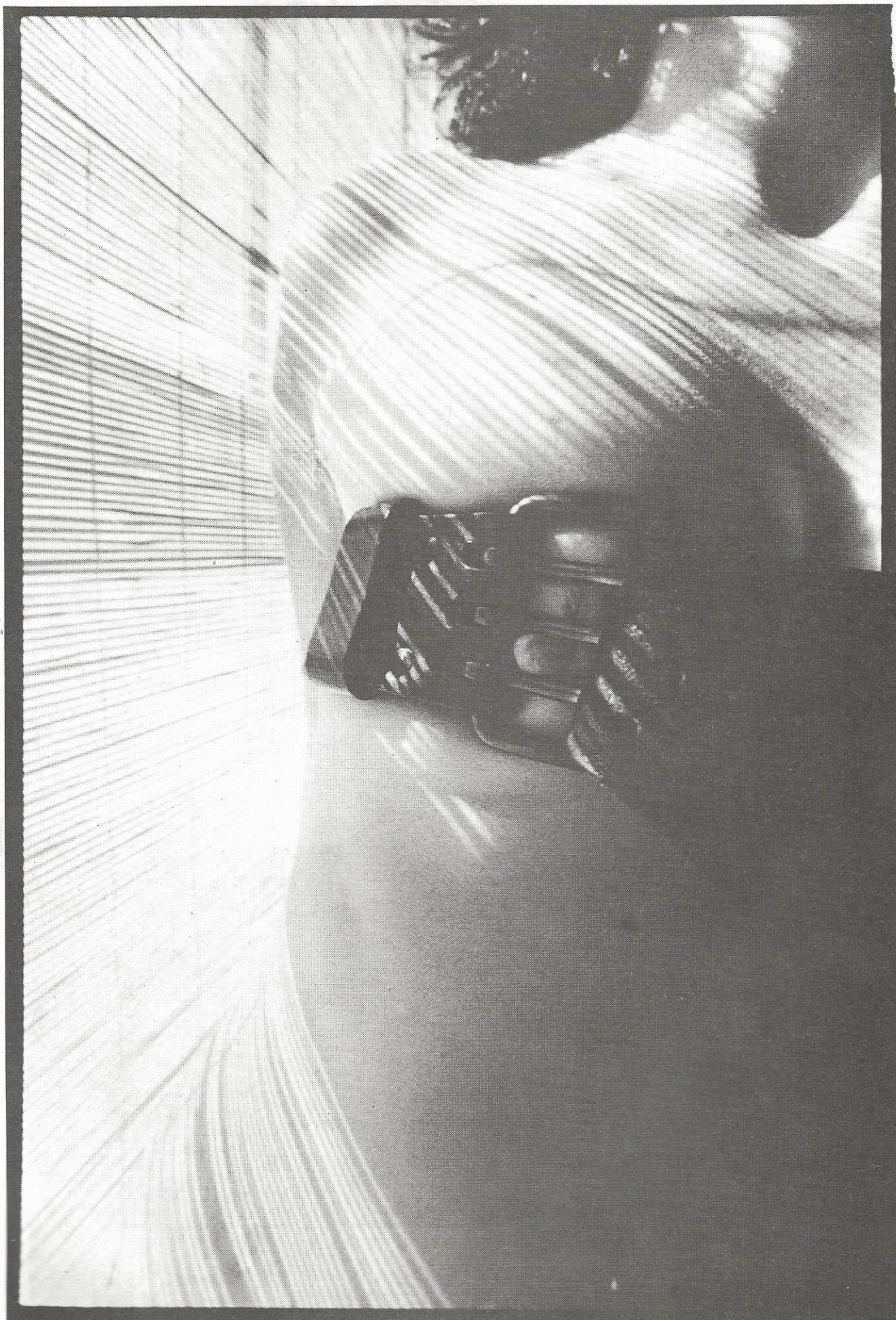
"Yeah, but you were better," Sandra busted in, who doesn't look like she would fuck Sean Penn for all the tea in China.

And who could be better than Madonna? Soon maybe more of us will know...



the **BODY
SHOP**





Photographs by:

Myra Fourwinds

L..A.Hyder

Grace Lau

Jill Posener

Anna Marie Smith

Christine Vilm





L E S B I A N ROUNDTABLE

Look around you. The recent appearance of lesbian sex videos and magazines, the unabashed stylishness of lipstick lesbians and the resurgence of butch-femme have refashioned lesbian image and sexual identity.

How has the 80's lesbian collided with the values of lesbian-feminism from the 70's, or the old gay culture of the 50's and 60's? How will these changes shape our future?

We asked five outspoken lesbians to comment on these and other questions. Sally Gearhart, 57, is a feminist teacher, writer and political activist in San Francisco. Sarah Schulman, 29, lives in New York and is a writer of lesbian fiction. Joan Nestle, 48, is a teacher, author and founding director of New York's Lesbian Herstory Archives. Barbara Hammer, 48, is a filmmaker and performance artist now living in Washington state. Jennifer Lorwick, 26, is an AIDS research administrator in San Francisco. In the following discussion, they speak frankly about lesbian culture, coming out, sex, and the future of lesbian communities.

What images typified the lesbian experience for you in the past?

SALLY: In 1949, I'd have sold my saddle oxfords just to know there was a single lesbian in San Francisco (much less 30,000 of us) and I'd have given a carton of Chesterfields to find anything printed, filmed, or recorded that even remotely alluded to "what" I was. In 1959 I read that there was a lesbian organization called Daughters of Bilitis. I didn't know how to reach them, but the sheer knowledge of their existence sustained me for ten years in my dark Texas closet. In 1970, I packed up, catapulted myself into the Bay Area and met early gay civil rights leader like Del Martin, Phyllis Lyon, Barbara Gittings and emerging lesbian writers like Jill Johnston, Judy Grahn, Sandy Boucher.

JENNIFER: What I remember from the late 70's is novels like Rubyfruit Jungle and the Lesbian Body, the music of Joan Armatrading and Holly Near, outdoor festivals like Bread and Roses, (or any concerts where women took their shirts off), lavender t-shirts and Converse hi-tops.

SARAH: For me lesbian culture of the 70's was Rita Mae Brown and Alix Dobkin. That was followed by famous crumbs in the

movies: Dominique Sanda dancing with a woman in "The Conformist," Candace Bergen as Lakey in the "The Group" saying "I've always been that way," Liv Ullman and Bibi Anderson merging in "Persona," followed by Valerie Perrine as a lesbian in "Lenny," and Meryl Streep in "Manhattan." There were a few real people and lots of moments. That was all I had.

Are these images still true? What do you think a "typical" lesbian is like today?

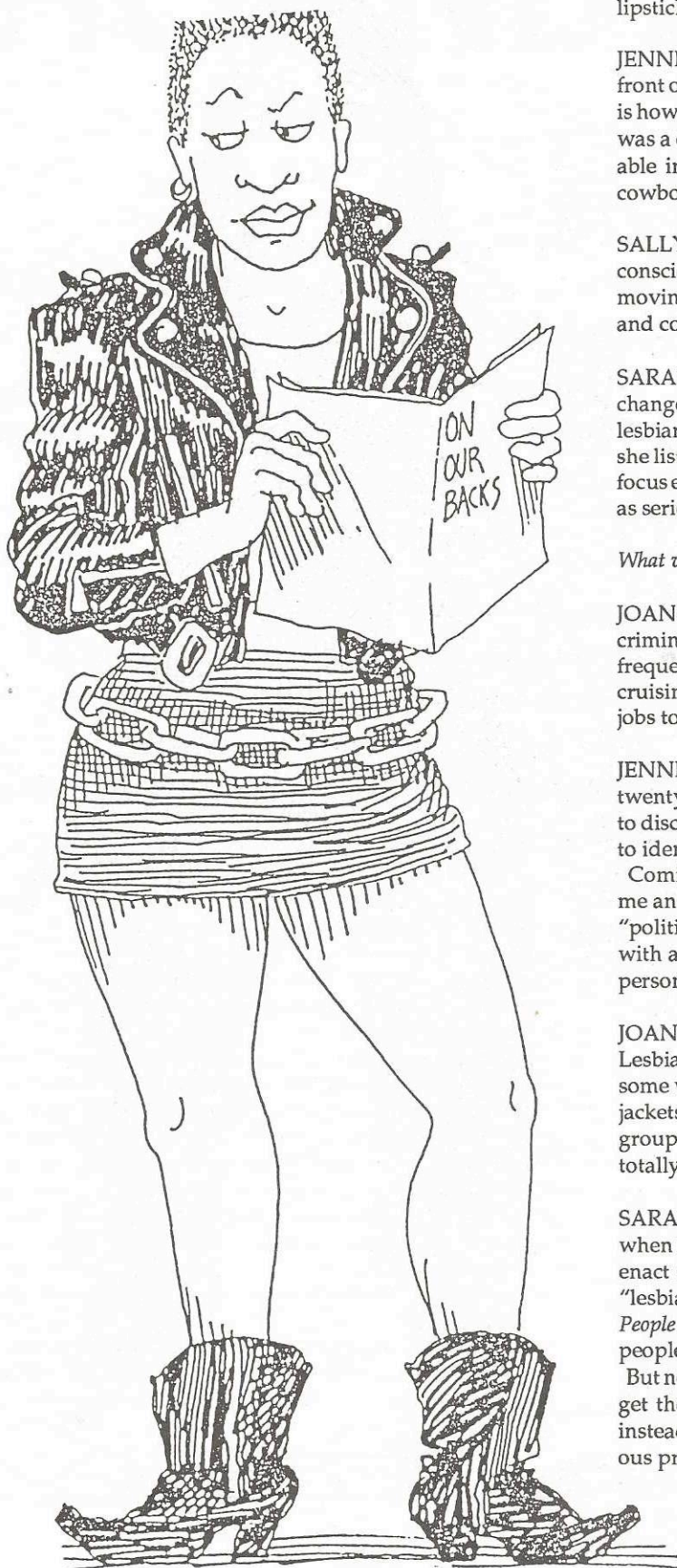
JENNIFER: Today I think of leather and lace shows, *On Our Backs*, S&M, the Clean and Sober movement, motorcycles, new wave haircuts. I think of the resurgence of "butch-femme" and of "femme" in general. Lust is a symbol of lesbian power these days and "objectification" is no longer taboo.

BARBARA: Personally I don't think there is a "typical" lesbian today. I think there are lesbianisms, not lesbianism; feminisms, not feminism. I think to attempt to group people together into a herd diminishes the herd.

By Arlene Stein and Jackie Urla

Illustrations by Alison Bechdel





JOAN: I don't think a typical lesbian exists today either. Different communities have their own styles, but on a good bar night, the variety of self presentation runs the whole gamut from Lesbian Separatist drag to full fem regalia to leather and chains. I think this is one of our miracles. I have taken to wearing lipstick, nail polish and black slips.

JENNIFER: I remember in my early lesbian days standing in front of the mirror trying to look feminine and attractive (which is how I wanted to look) in a t-shirt, hi-tops and Levis. Now that was a challenge! Now I feel free to wear anything I'm comfortable in on a given day, whether its Levis or a short skirt or cowboy boots.

SALLY: I think we're all, even those of us living rurally, more conscious of our garb. On the whole we're frumping out less and moving more often toward a variety of defined styles, both hot and conservative.

SARAH: Dress has changed, hair has changed, accessories have changed but one thing has not changed. You can still tell a lesbian by the way she sees you when she looks at you and how she listens to you when you talk. Straight women often will not focus enough to do that. Straight women still do not take women as seriously, on the whole, as lesbians do. That's the giveaway.

What was it like for you to come out?

JOAN: When I came out in the fifties, it was a coming out into a criminalized passion. Coming out, as a working class fem who frequented the bars, meant facing the vice squad cops, the cruising cars filled with hate, the need for secrecy that allowed jobs to be kept or school attended or kept one in a place to live.

JENNIFER: When I came out in Berkeley in 1982, at the age of twenty-one, it was relatively easy for me to find other lesbians, to discover places frequented by lesbians, to know how to dress to identify myself as "one of them."

Coming out in a "politically correct" environment fostered in me an enormous sense of gay pride. While I grew out of being "politically correct," many of my friends and I lead lesbian lives with a wonderful mixed sense of old-fashioned gay pride and personal and sexual freedom.

JOAN: But I know from meeting the women who come to the Lesbian Herstory Archives that for lesbians from small towns, some who are very butchy, some who are proud of their leather jackets, some who have no money, some who are in ethnic groups that are fighting for their survival, the world is not a totally different place today than when I came out in the 50's.

SARAH: Coming out as a lesbian in 1980's, in contrast to the 70's when I came out, is harder in terms of our ability to imagine and enact a challenge to the status quo. On one hand the word "lesbian" is more freely spoken, gay stories appear in places like *People* magazine, so young dykes know that there are gay people in the world.

But now that there is more of a public image, young gay people get their identity from the mass media depiction of gay life, instead of gay underground culture, which is a new and insidious problem.

How has your sexuality changed since you first came out?

BARBARA: As an 18-year old (in 1958) I didn't have any sexual experience besides necking. I have no idea if it would be different today. I came out when I was 30 and it happened easily, quickly, overnight, one would say.

The older I get the less likely I am to jump into bed. Too many after-effects; so I would like to know who I am sleeping with first. Of course there are those exceptional moments when the hormonal drive says "pay attention to me", and then I don't wait for the "getting to know" part, that is, if my partner is willing.

SALLY: My questions about sexual limits seem always to have centered around monogamy and power. I spent until 1968 trying to make serial monogamy work and enduring case after case of "lesbian bed death." Since 1968 I've gotten more adept at non-monogamy.

In the matter of erotic power, I've let my ideology rather than my experience drive me into defending some outrageous positions. For example, I once suggested that orgasm is an invention of patriarchy so that I could make a case for sexual relations in which neither partner has power over the other.

Crucial to my re-evaluation of such ideas has been the rediscovery of my deeply-buried enjoyment of power sex. Here my questions still abound. What are we supposed to do when it comes bubbling up to greet us from the dark unconscious? Repress it and let it emerge in another form? Control its expression by meditation or sheer willpower? Enjoy it? How do life and theater or life and fantasy influence each other? Is there any end to these questions?

JOAN: In 1978, I fell ill with an unknown disease, later diagnosed as chronic Epstein-Barr virus infection. I won't go into details, but one night in a dingy sex bar, I found another way to live with my body. I found a wonderful butch woman who wore tattoos of unicorns and carried me off to Michigan where I could wear my black slip and dance with the pagans. I spent time with caring and challenging s/m women, I explored open relationships after a marriage of eleven years, and claimed the whole part of myself.

I owe the leather women, the sex workers, and the bad girls a debt I can never repay. I am discovering that women of my age can carry passion and power in ways I had never thought possible.

JENNIFER: My sexual attitudes and practices have definitely loosened up and broadened over the years. Early in my lesbian days, I felt there were certain things that were okay and certain things that weren't okay to want from women sexually. For example, I was afraid that if I wanted to be fucked with a dildo, that would mean that I "really" want to sleep with men.

At this point I feel comfortable doing anything I want to do sexually, providing that my partner is willing to give it a go. Although I may at times find my sexual desires somewhat embarrassing, there is no sense of shame or "wrongness." In a way, I take sex less seriously — I see it more as fun, as playtime. We can be anything we want in bed: man, woman, virgin, slave, gym teacher, heterosexual. It's all in how you play it out in your mind. That's why sex is so wonderful and important. Where else in life do you have such freedom?

What about the future? What do you think lesbian communities will look like in the 1990's?

JOAN: No more lesbian invisibility, not on the left, in progressive movements, or in any other movement for social change. No more silences, or passing or secrets, no more denying one part of our community so that others can feel more respectable.

BARBARA: I think most avant-garde and outrageous women will come forth to be accepted for their sexual preference(s). The community will look like the widest congregation of erratic, anarchic, different-appearing women than we can now imagine.

SARAH: I hope from the bottom of my soul that the near future will bring honest depictions of lesbian lives in popular media. This is long, long overdue. Accompanying that will have to be an argument, not simply for representation, but for proportional representation of every kind of lesbian voice and experience.

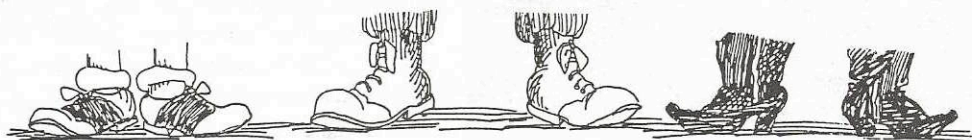
JENNIFER: I don't mean to sound like a Pollyanna, but I really think the lesbian community is moving in the right direction. One of the best things that's happened in the lesbian community in the 80's is that it's moved away from the idea of separatism. In the 1990's, I would like to see continued growth of our political and economic power, further acceptance of our sexual diversity and the emergence of more lesbian institutions — political groups, social clubs, bars and bookstores.

SALLY: I don't know who the lesbians will be to fire the 90's, but I'm pretty sure that a greater proportion of them will be older women and also women from cultures other than our own Euro-American society. Their politics and art will express a more global and sophisticated lesbian culture.

SARAH: AIDS has presented an obvious human emergency — the need to comfort and care for and unite with your friends. It's a political battle which demands the participation of lesbians. And, frankly, gay men have changed. Men's bars used to keep women out, gay men were very separatist, they wouldn't share their resources. This crisis has changed all that. The reduction in cruising has created a situation in which more men need friends; need more emotional connections and protection. The closing of the backrooms has opened bars to women. We are becoming a more co-ed community, and I'm really glad.

SALLY: I'm reminded of the time I was teaching riflery at a West Virginia girls' camp in 1952, agonizing over a forced and final separation from my lover by her parents, who had taken her away when they discovered our relationship. I was sitting on Vesper Hill crying bitter tears over a letter she had written, when a shadow fell across the paper. I looked up in to the face of another counselor, a rather butch-looking woman I had wondered about. She knelt beside me, put her hand on my shoulder, and looked with me (like John Wayne and his son) over the Greenbrier River. "We are growing in numbers every day," she said, and left.

That was my first experience of lesbian identity, lesbian community, lesbian power. Whichever of our lesbian communities we identify with today, we're strong, diverse and increasingly sophisticated. I'm impressed by who we are becoming.





Ellen bared her teeth in the mirror. There were days she really thought she and David Letterman had been separated at birth, what with those identical gap-toothed grins. She hooked her pinkies in the sides of her mouth and stuck out her tongue as far as it would go. Who wouldn't love that face?

She yanked the rubber band out of her hair and grabbed her sweater. It wasn't the publishing conference that was killing her so much as San Francisco's summer weather. Cold in the morning, chilly at night, and about an hour of short-sleeve warmth some time around one. Ellen took one more swig of coffee and raced over to the new convention center wearing her best New York Publicist smile.

There wasn't much to smile about. Her boss, Darlyn - that bitch - was about to fire her. Pattianne, her best friend, would probably desert her for Raleigh Bingham of Swimming Horses Press, making twice what she made in New York.

She tried to think of a single thing she liked about her job. Number One was the benefit of having a company phone line. Ellen spent every Friday afternoon bitching and dishing with her best phone pal, Stashia, a booking agent for Urban Public Radio in Washington D.C. How could she leave publishing and lose Stashia?

There was no privacy for such contemplation once Ellen hit the convention floor. Darlyn was already there looking her up and down.

"New slacks, Ellen?" Darlyn might have meant it kindly but Ellen just couldn't compete with her size-six attitude.

"No, Darlyn. I found them in New York," she lied.

"We'll hail a cab to the Gay Caucus party tonight about 7:20. Amenable to you?"

"Oh, sure. that's great. It'll be a lot of fun."

Ellen hated Darlyn. She was the kind of holier-than-thou dyke who wore Brooks Brothers striped shirts and was allergic to every vegetable except Jerusalem artichokes. She made her staff eat lunch together daily in the purple conference room while she discoursed on her favorite topic: the psychotic tendencies of middle management. After eating, she would insist they all do three minutes of neck rolls. Darlyn usually moaned noisily and said things like, "Don't you think this is better than TV?" Ellen was sure her boss never had sex.

She strolled over to the Viking booth to catch Pattianne, her sister publicist in crime. "Button up your shirt, slut, it's only 9:30. Save it for tonight."

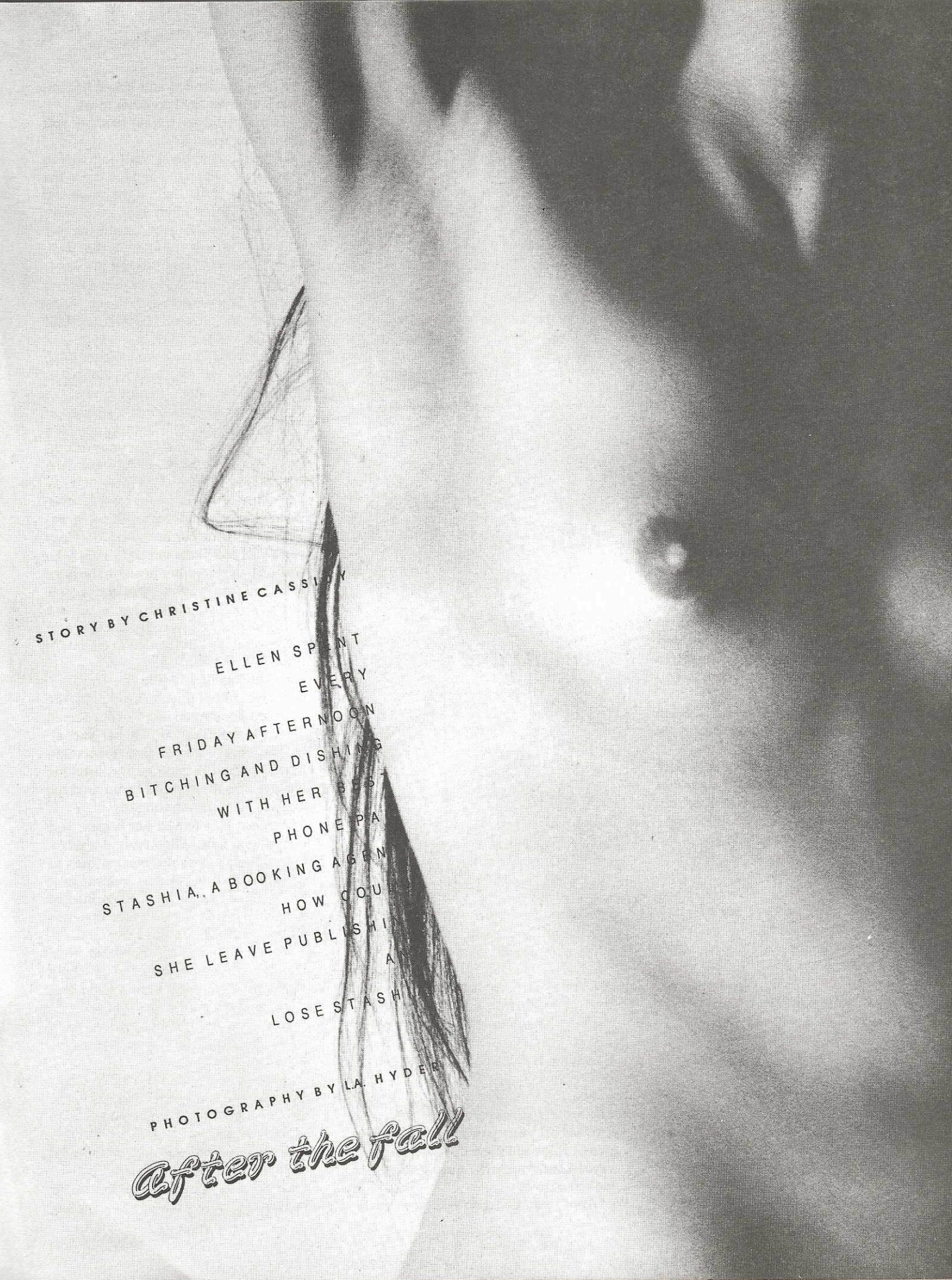
"Tonight!" Pattianne groaned. "Raleigh Bingham will be there with her harem."

"Just think - you, too, could distress her leather. Do you have any smoke?"

Giggling, they snuck out to the "Ladies" to light up.

That evening, Ellen, Pattianne and Darlyn squeezed into the back of a cab and headed for the Fairmont. San Francisco's queers weren't sparing any expense for the gay publishing bash of the year. The reception room was carpeted in muted red-and-black plaid plush and panelled with mahogany. In the center of the room were four tables laden with caviar, champagne, crudites, and gado-gado dip, a peanut butter concoction whipped up by The Mother of Us All Catering Company.

Raleigh Bingham held court by the beluga. Raleigh needed a publicist and she had been trying to put the make on Pattianne ever since Swimming Horses (*continued next page*)



STORY BY CHRISTINE CASSIDY

ELLEN SPENT
EVERY
FRIDAY AFTERNOON
BITCHING AND DISHING
WITH HER BEST
PHONE PA
STASHIA, A BOOKING AGENT
HOW COULD
SHE LEAVE PUBLISHING
AND
LOSE STASHIA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY L.A. HYDER

After the fall

went big time.

"Can you believe what she's wearing? Gag." Pattianne sucked on her vodka tonic.

Raleigh was decked out in leather riding britches and a matching black bolero barely tied across her chest. Her signature riding crop was attached like a warning to her hip.

"It's the hair that gets me," Ellen said. "I thought Tenex went out with Debbie Harry."

"No, it just moved uptown."

"Uh-oh." Pattianne ducked behind Ellen. "Here comes the wicked witch of the east." Raleigh Bingham strode toward them, her riding whip twitching like a third leg. "Get me out of here."

Too late. Raleigh cooed in Pattianne's direction. "I can offer you so much more than Viking. I don't understand your hesitation. Upstate is beautiful in the fall."

"Yeah, but what about after the fall?" Patti asked.

The sexiest voice in the world approached Ellen's back. "Are you Ellen? Darlyn said I could find you by the drinks." It was if Siouxsie Sioux had murmured "Come fuck me" in her ear.

"Stashia! I'd know that voice anywhere." Ellen took her first look at Stashia in the flesh. She instantly wanted to bury her face in the v-neck of this girl's mini-dress right there in front of everyone.

"Long hair. You have long hair," Ellen blurted. "I pictured it short and curly, or something."

"You like?" Stashia ran her eyes over Ellen's body and pulled her mane across her mouth like an Arabian purdah. "Some people find it sexy." Ellen's clit jolted with laser voltage and the moisture between her legs soaked her Jockey's.

Ellen abandoned Pattianne, took Stashia's arm and steered her toward a corner. So far, so good. But what was she supposed to say now? "Come back to my place, baby, and I'll show you a good time?" Who did she think she was, Cher? Getting what she wanted wasn't her strong suit.

"How's the scene in Washington?" Dumb, Ellen thought. My middle name should be Banal.

"Oh, the same. And New York? I hear Gina Mae's editor took a little getaway to Greece."

"Oh yes, the queen of turtle necks meets Sappho." Ellen shredded her cocktail napkin in her lap. "I'm thinking of going back to graduate school. But I can't

decide between city planning and genetics. You know? Do I want to decide which streets go one way or the future of the race?"

Why was she droning on about school when Stashia was inches away and all Ellen wanted to do was kiss her?

"Where are you staying, Stashia?"

"Here, at the Fairmont, as a matter of fact."

"Your boss is paying for this?"

"No way. I'm paying half. Wanna see?"

"Yes."

Ellen was barely in the room before Stashia grabbed her and kissed her, all tongue. Ellen slipped her hands under Stashia's flimsy dress and cupped her

The tide of warm water crashed over Ellen's clitoris and vulva, into her vagina and down her ass.

small ass. She put her nose in Stashia's ear. "I love pushy women."

"Pushy is my specialty."

Ellen wasn't sure she heard her right; it sounded like *pussy*. She watched Stashia unbutton her blouse and take her nipples in her mouth, both at the same time, kneading Ellen's breasts together. Stashia's long black hair was like a cape around Ellen's shoulders and she imagined being tortured by a Russian empress. "Anastasia, lesbian czarina, lashes the wrists of the young Anna Karenina to the gold-canopied bed in her boudoir."

She must have had too many drinks. The room was excruciatingly warm.

"Take off your pants," Stashia whispered. Ellen slid them down and leaned against the door. The queen-sized bed looked perfect.

"Aren't you going to take your dress

off?" Ellen asked.

Stashia just smiled and licked her finger. It seemed she had other ideas.

"Not right now. I want to show you something first."

Ellen's thighs rubbed wetly together as Stashia took her hand and led her to the bathroom. To their right stood the largest bathtub Ellen had ever seen: deep, with two faucets, one at the end and one in the middle of the wall. Stashia turned on and tested the water that gushed from the middle faucet into the cranberry-colored ceramic, then cooed into Ellen's ear, "Isn't it beautiful! Why don't you get in?"

Ellen moaned inside as she complied. The water felt warm and delicious. Stashia turned Ellen's body toward the middle faucet and laid her head back on the rim of the tub. She looked down into Ellen's eyes and said, "Put your feet up on the wall, Ellen, and see how good the water feels." Ellen fell in love.

The tide of warm water crashed over Ellen's clitoris and vulva, into her vagina and down her ass. Her long legs were splayed like a victory sign on the wall. Ellen rested her head on the edge of the tub as jets of water streamed under her ass. Ellen closed her eyes and wiggled under the continual force of water until her clit swelled to the bursting point.

She felt Stashia straddle her. The black dress engulfed Ellen's head and she plunged her tongue into Stashia's small cunt. It smelled like Chanel and almonds. Ellen dipped two fingers into her, exploring the soft center, listening for Stashia's moans, and thrummed the hooded clit with her tongue.

Stashia's hair teased her breasts and belly like a fern. Ellen wound a pinky into Stashia's asshole. Stashia heaved forward and her juices oozed over Ellen's face. Letting go, Ellen bucked toward the cascade of water that was still relentlessly pounding her cunt.

Stashia kissed and rubbed her neck, splashing the warm tub water over both of them. Her dress was soaked and clung to every curve.

"You were good, baby. You were so good. I want to fuck you. I want my hands in you."

Ellen's lips wandered over Stashia's face and into her mouth. She knew she didn't have to stay in publishing to keep this relationship.

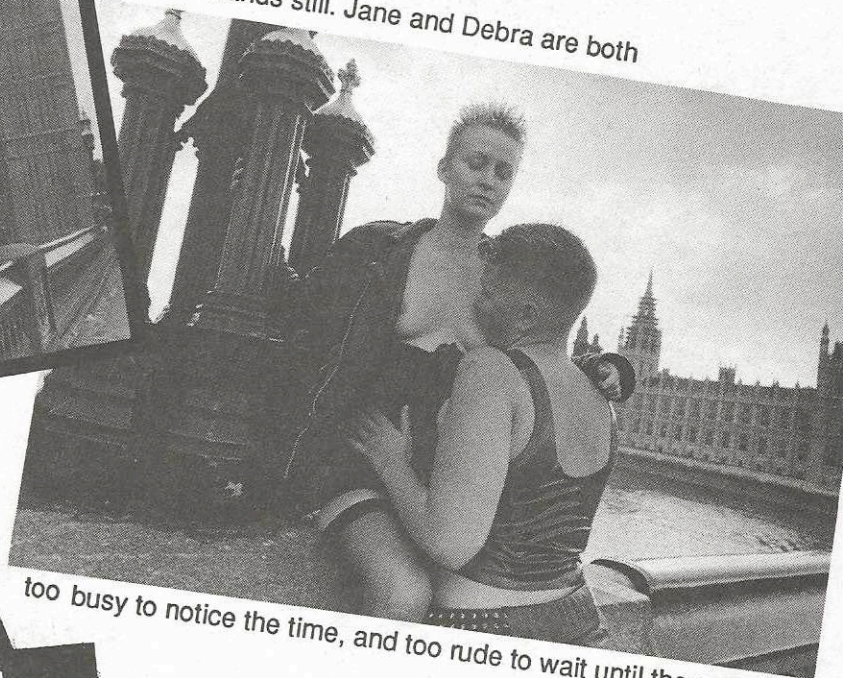
"I want you, too, Stashia. I want to be with you."

"Come to D.C.?" Stashia asked. Then she tasted the decision on Ellen's skin.

If Big Ben breaks down,



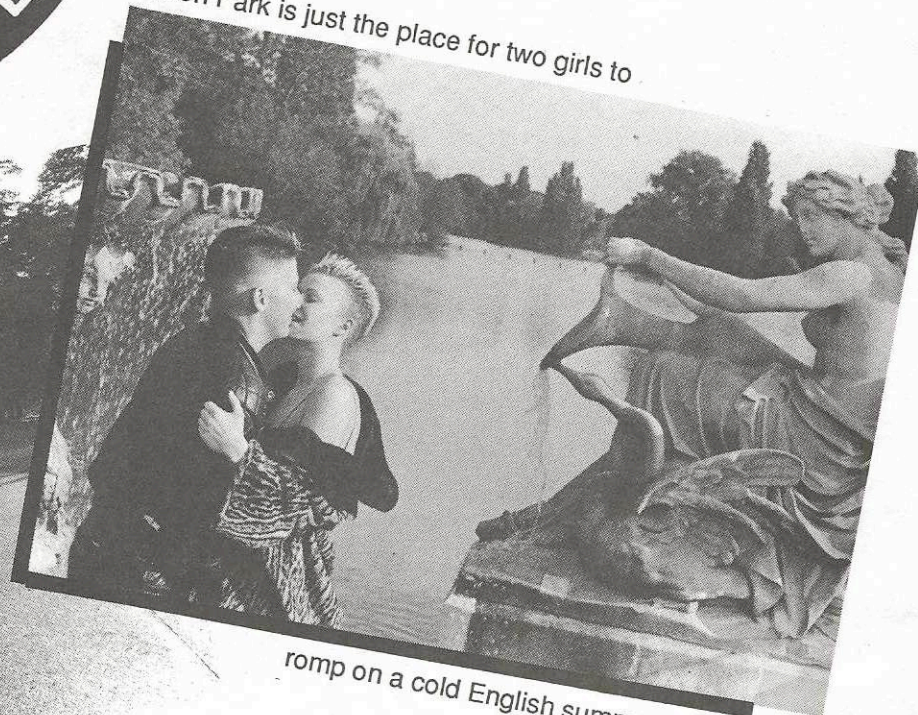
London stands still. Jane and Debra are both



too busy to notice the time, and too rude to wait until they get home.

DIRTY GIRLS LONDON GUIDE

Green Park is just the place for two girls to

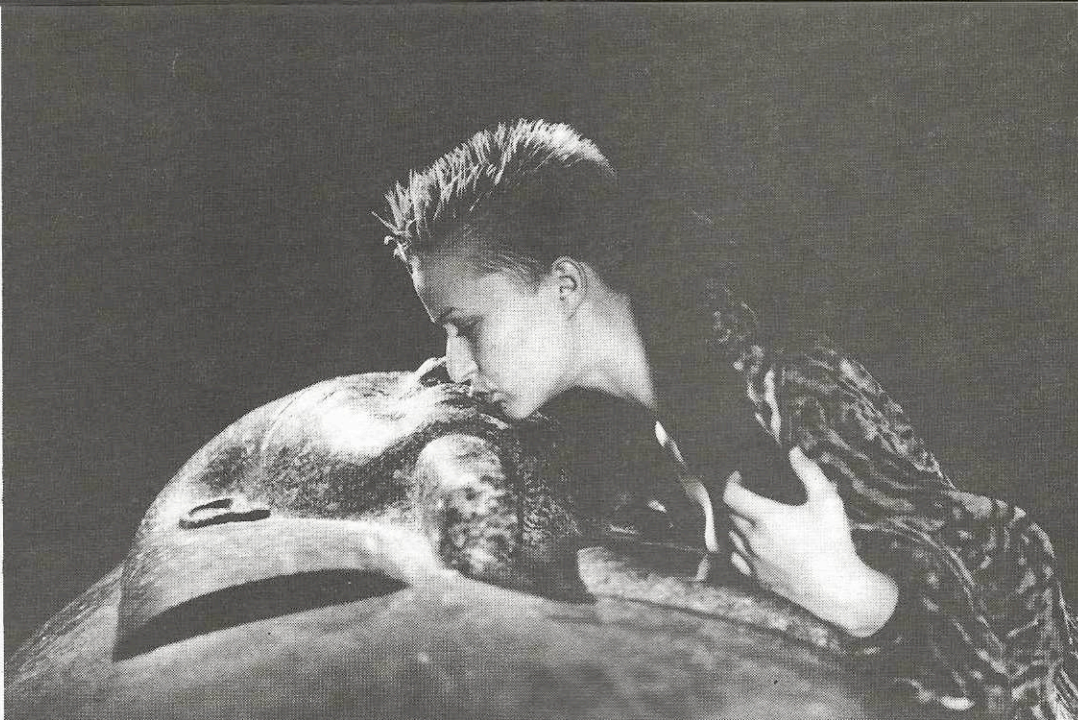


romp on a cold English summer's day.

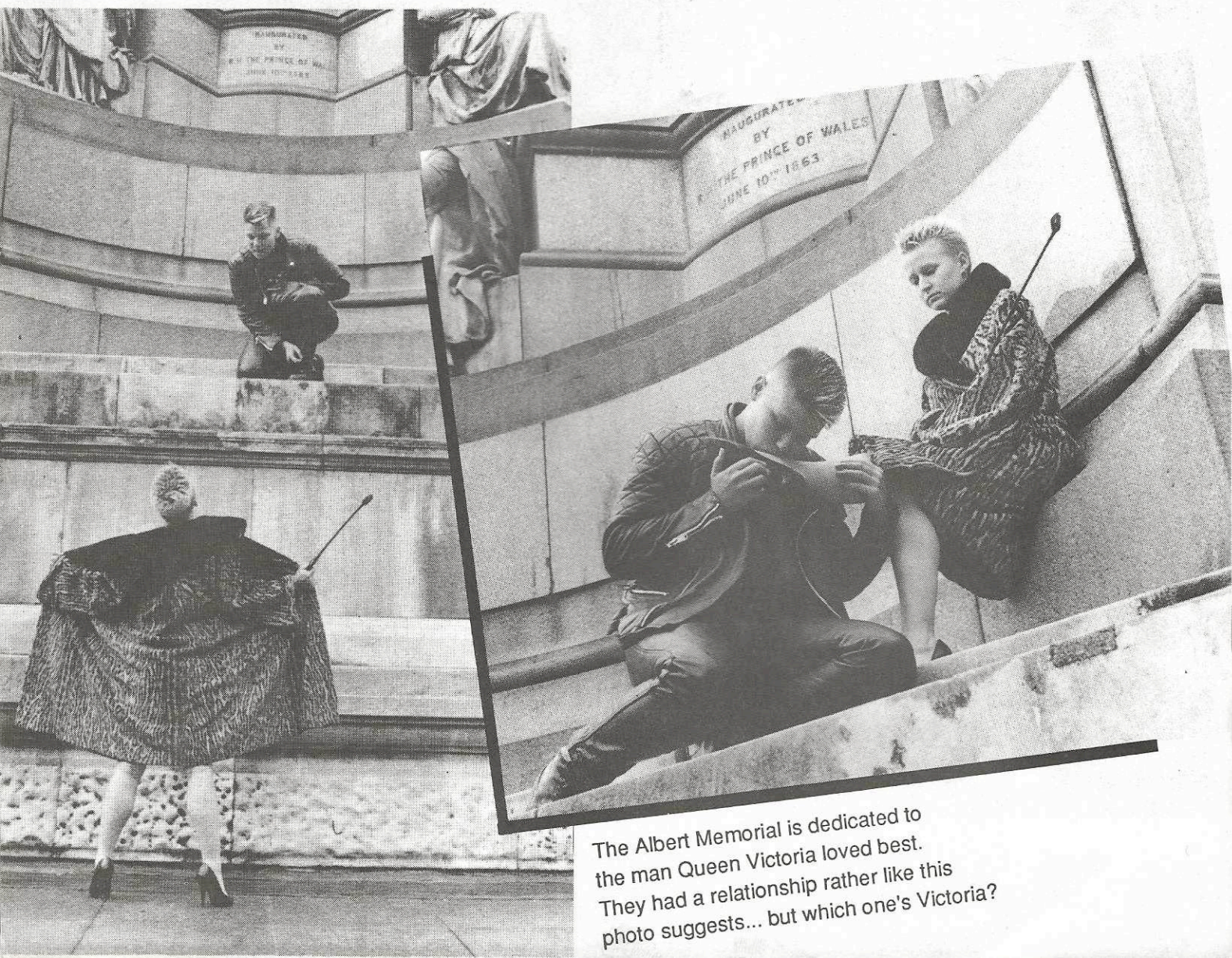




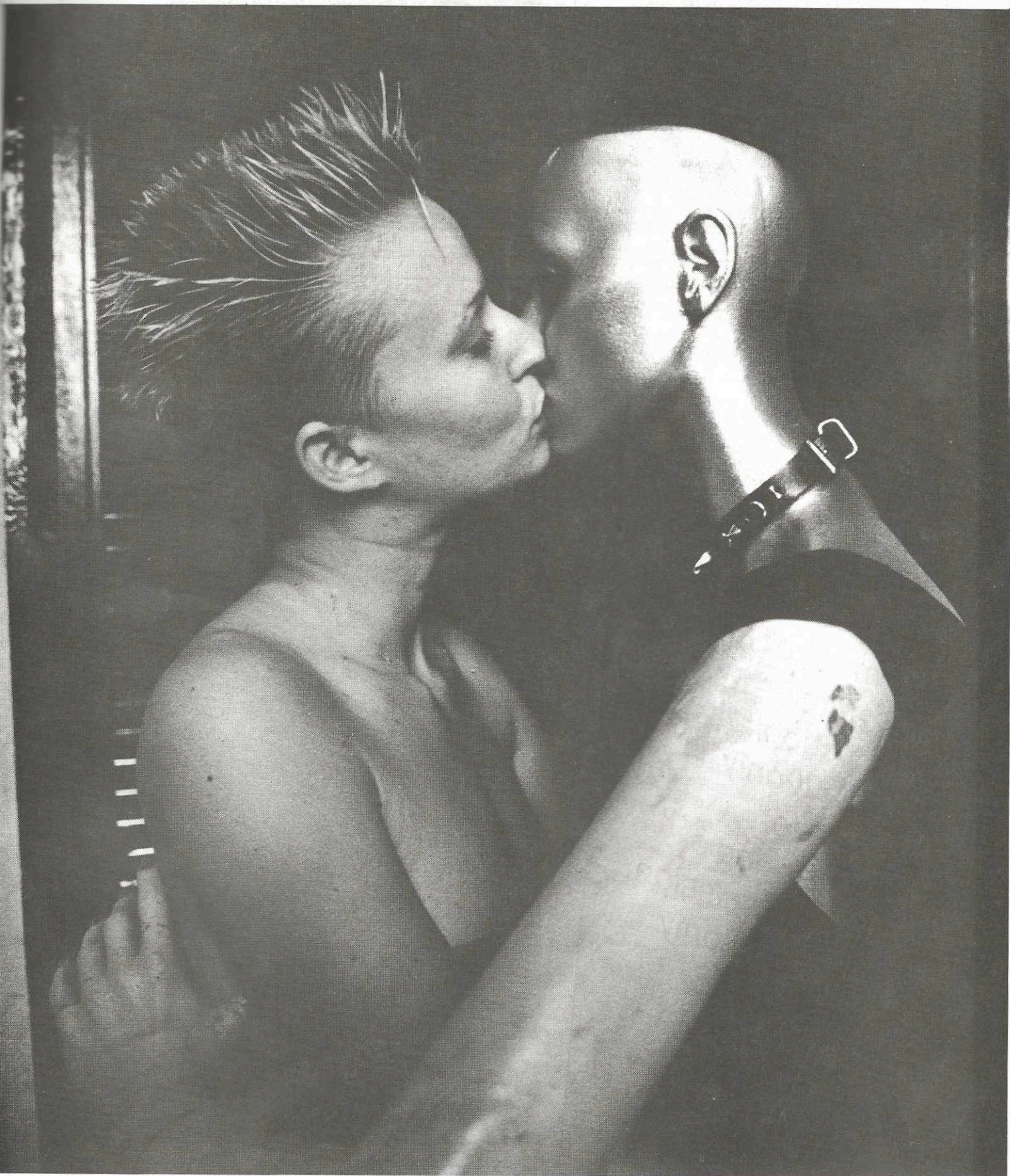




Eartha Kitt sang, "My heart belongs to Daddy," but Jane always goes to her Mummy first, even if she is in the British Museum.



The Albert Memorial is dedicated to the man Queen Victoria loved best. They had a relationship rather like this photo suggests... but which one's Victoria?



Jane just loves those inanimate objects...

LONDON REDISCOVERED by JILL POSENER
WITH HELP FROM JANE and DEBRA

girls

SCH

"We
are
allowed
to
masturbate
at this
school,
but only
after
asking
permission
and only
when
in front
of a
teacher."



OO L

By Ann Wertheim



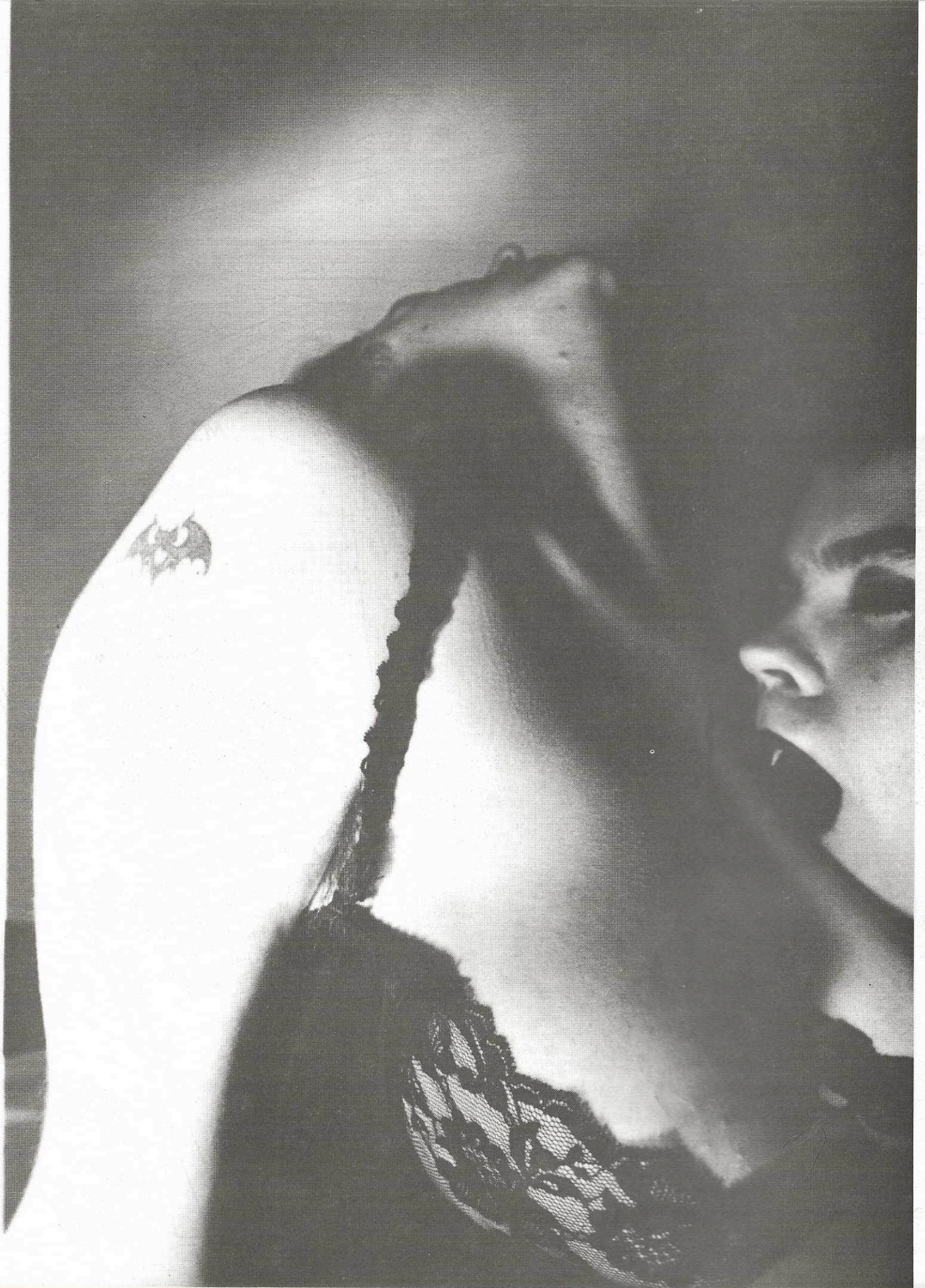
PHOTO: VANESSA KELLY

My lover sends me to a special school every Saturday. She sends me there because she loves me and knows I crave discipline. I always feel better after a day at school. There are only ten girls in a class so we get lots of individual attention. A report is sent home at the end of the day so I try to be on my best behavior.

The first thing that happens every morning is inspection. The school uniform is a long white blouse that buttons up the front over a pair of men's white underwear, the kind with the fly in front. At 8 a.m. exactly we stand at the sides of our desk at attention. Our teacher walks up and down the aisle to make sure our shirts and underwear are spotlessly clean. She carries a short thick ruler and if one of your legs isn't perfectly in line then she'll whack you with the ruler.

Today I found out what happens if your shirt isn't clean.
"Hold out your hand, Jenny."
I put out my hand, palm up. The pen- (continued on page 37)





FICTION

Excerpted from the book, *Macho Sluts*, published by Alyson Press.

VAMPIRE

BY PAT CALIFIA

Like most women, the blonde did not seem to be able to hold her tongue. Kerry braced herself when she saw that whorishly lipsticked mouth, with its bee-stung lower lip, open. But the woman only said, "I was in such a hurry to catch up with you that I left my cigarettes at the bar. Would you happen to have one?"

A pack was extracted from a leather shirt pocket and went flying toward Iduna, closely followed by a silver lighter. She caught them both in the same hand, took a cigarette, lit it, and tossed both pack and lighter back. They were caught and returned to the breast pocket. Kerry waited two heartbeats, then relented and fished them out again and lit a cigarette for herself. Iduna

(continued on page 40)

"My skin is very pale, almost

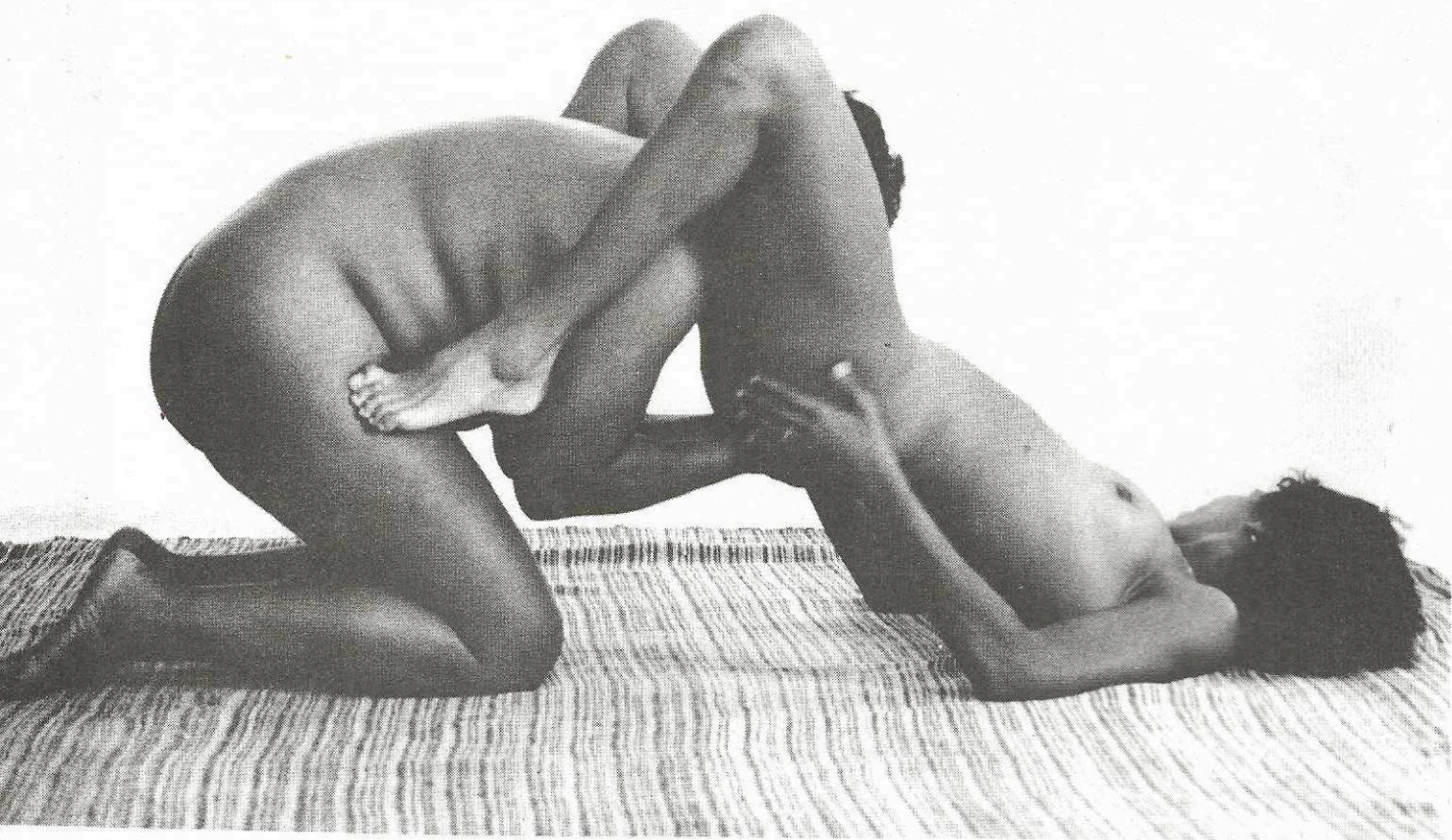
transparent. It looks fragile, but

I heal very quickly. My veins are

close to the surface, easy to get to."

PHOTO BY CHRISTINE VILM

AUTUMN afternoon





PHOTOS BY **TEE** corinne





Jacqueline Collins

THE FIRST STROKE

Cappy Kotz

Lace Publications,

P.O. Box 110037, Denver, CO 80210

\$7.95.

THE QUEEN OF THE DAMNED

Anne Rice

Knopf, New York \$18.95

LESBIONAGE

Pop Video

P.O. Box 60862, Washington, DC 20039

\$39.95.

Something extraordinary has happened in lesbian publishing. We are finally getting books that combine sexually explicit adventure with nearly mythological lesbian characters. *The First Stroke*, by Cappy Kotz (aka Crystal Bailey) from Lace Publications is a collection of believable and mesmerizing characters: the knife-wielding Flynn, the graceful submissive Van, and the heartbroken Marlee who mourns her lost lover by having sex with a stranger on her ex-girlfriend's motorcycle. They stand self-conscious and aching in a smoky bar, walk the back alleys and dark night streets, show up at a women-only gathering in polished boots or gauzy purple scarves; these women live entirely in a lesbian world. Never mind where they work or who drives the buses, for among these women, all references are female.

If these creatures are based on real

women, I want to meet them all. If not, then I must meet Cappy Kotz. The author who can conceive of such startling and capable characters should either be locked in a big strong house to give us more, or provided with whatever environment will encourage her. With the range of stories in *The First Stroke*, I'm not sure what would please Cappy most, but I want to join the "Make Cappy Happy" crew that is sure to form outside bookstores this fall.

There's good news for the daughters of the night and their girlfriends. Anne Rice's *The Queen of the Damned* will be out this fall. This is the third novel in the series that began with *Interview with the Vampire* and followed up with the less satisfying but no less stunning *The Vampire Lestat*.

Lestat got a bit tedious now and then but I can't wait to hear what has been happening to his mother, Gabrielle. I have loved her from the moment she stepped out in the last book - hacking her hair off to her collar every sunset, using her un-death to travel around the world and sleep in caves or sand piles rather than damp predictable cellars. Bite me in the neck and I only hope I'd turn out half so extraordinary.

Still half-starved for lesbian videos? Contact Pop Video in Washington, D.C., for a copy of *Lesbionage*, a romance featuring two lesbian private detectives and which marks the video debut of Jewelle Gomez, one of our best lesbian writers, as a lesbian

Congresswomen. *Lesbionage* stands on its own with an interesting plot and women who actually seem hot for each other. This is a movie-movie, not the kind of tape you buy to provide background for your erotic evenings, but a sharp and funny detective story with good acting and lesbian characters who are believable, sexy and intelligent. See it at home with your best girlfriend, a big bowl of popcorn and another of butter. You know what to do with the butter.

— Dorothy Allison

MACHO SLUTS

Pat Califia

Alyson Press, 40 Plympton St.

Boston, MA 02118

Power is the main ingredient of *Macho Sluts*, the new collection of stories Pat Califia's fans have been eagerly awaiting. As a founding member of Samois, the first lesbian s/m support group, a columnist for the *Advocate*, and probably the best known sado-masochist in the world, Califia is known for being on the leading edge of lesbian erotica, and this book lives up to her reputation as a sex pioneer.

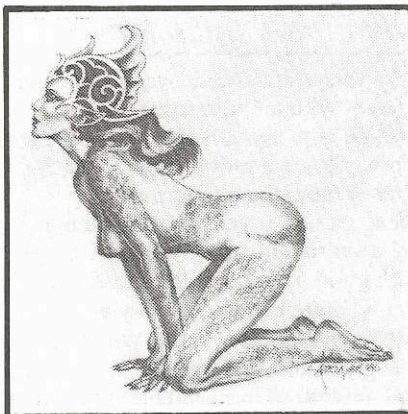
Macho Sluts will undoubtedly shock some and mesmerize others. As Califia says in her introduction, "When you are dealing with an area as permeated with ignorance and superstition as sexuality, it is more important to be honest than it is to be correct."

The eight stories in the book date from "Jessie," 1977, to the newest, "The Spoiler," from 1985. The latter is one of two stories which introduce male sexual actors. Califia argues well that lesbian should be able to write about and use men, gay or straight, in their erotic writing.

"Jessie," the notorious first chapter, has been a dyke j/o favorite since it first appeared in *Coming to Power*. The story is as hot as ever, and only adds to the unpredictability of the book as a whole.

Aficionados of classic, old-fashioned B&D will swoon over "Finishing School," an elegant tale of training, torture and reward. The ending is a shocker: the first, but not the last, point in *Macho Sluts* where the reader gasps, "Oh, my god, I can't get turned on by this!"

"The Calyx of Isis," the book's only major disappointment, is a dense story



TATTOO ARTISTRY

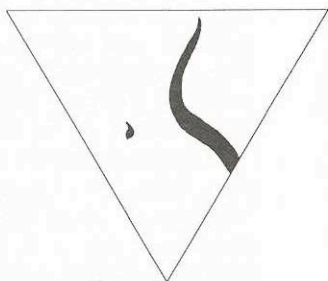
Fusion of modern and primitive
interpreting your vision

Vyvyn Lazonga
206 662-1535
415 552-3919

M C M L X X X I X

Detours

A Calendar
for 1989



Detours

The first quality calendar
produced by women.

Detours

A collection
of artistically photographed
images depicts the intimate,
unspoken language
of relationships between women.

Detours

Reproduced as forty-eight
duotone plates on white coated
stock of superior quality.

Published by Visible, Inc.

8.5" x 11" (opens to 11' x 17")

At your local bookstore

Or order from Visible, Inc.

P.O. Box 53287

Washington, DC 20009-3287

Retail: \$12.95

(Add \$1.25 for postage)

of tag-team s/m set in a mythical San Francisco women's bathhouse. The story trots the reader through a varied s/m repertoire which leaves one exhausted rather than aroused by the end. Perhaps in smaller doses, divided into chapters, one for each set of the story's dominatrices, "Calyx" would be a littler easier to swallow. However, there is something for just about everyone: whipping, fisting (genital and anal), piercing, heavy bondage, dyke cocksucking, and lots of sensimilla, sushi and sake.

Throughout *Macho Sluts*, Califia challenges dykes who write pornography, dykes who hate pornography, and everyone in between. "The Hustler" is a profoundly cynical but funny tale of a woman-dominated future in which expressions of sex are piously regulated. The outlawed individual (the Hustler) is oppressed by the "cud-chewing" (boring) majority. This is Califia's revenge on the Dworkinite forces in the women's movement. "The Hustler" will definitely piss off a lot of radical feminists, but then, they probably wouldn't have gotten this far in the book anyhow.

If any radical feminist were to read this far, she'd run screaming for the nearest copy of *Gyn/Ecology* by the time she got two pages into "The Surprise Party." Califia lets fly with a right-on-target challenge to the idea that lesbian sexual fantasies should only have women characters. This story is not easy to read, and whatever a reader feels at the end, she will not be bored. Disgusted, maybe, turned-on, maybe - or fascinated, horrified, angry, or amused. Read this story. Push yourself. Read all the way to the end and before your mind tells you how you should feel, slip a finger between your labia and let your cunt tell you how you *do* feel.

Finally, "A Dash of Vanilla" underscores Califia's introductory remarks that power is not exclusive to s/m. This story is vanilla, but Califia makes obvious something we've all experienced at some point in our sexual lives. Where there is an orgasm, or the promise of one, or the lack of one, there is power, and it comes from all sides, whether top or bottom or right or left. This story didn't so much pass a wet test as made my jaws ache, but that's just as much a part of lesbian sex as getting off.

—Maryhope Tobin, Sue O'Sullivan

alty for pulling your hand away is severe so I grit my teeth to prepare for the worst. Whack. She gives me four hard strokes with her ruler.

"Sit down, Jenny. I hope you'll learn to keep your uniform spotless. You will have an extra writing assignment tonight: two hundred lines of 'I will clean my uniform perfectly.' Is that understood?"

"Yes, ma'm."

After inspection we have math class. We all move to a room down the hall. It is strictly forbidden to talk to each other, but the other girls all look at me. I know what they want; they want to see my hand. I hold it out for them to see. It's still bright red with welts that the edge of the ruler made.

Math is next. The math teacher goes around checking everybody's homework. My friend Tammy got one of the problems wrong. The teacher makes her stand in the corner at the front of the classroom. Tammy has to hold a piece of chalk against the wall with her nose and hold up her blouse with her hands behind her. Her underwear is down around her ankles and the whole class stares at her bare bottom.

"We'll take care of your punishment at the end of class, Tammy. For now you'll stay just like that. Don't you dare drop that piece of chalk."

I'm glad I'm not the one being punished by the math teacher.

About five minutes before the end of class Tammy's real punishment begins.

"Tammy, get in the position. We are going to teach you not to make mistakes."

Tammy takes her underwear off and lies down on the wooden table at the front of the classroom. Using two hands she spreads her cunt lips. The whole class can see her clit.

"Class, I want you to watch closely. This is what happens when you don't study. . ."

The teacher takes a thin leather strap off the wall.

"Tammy, you're going to have to learn the hard way. You are going to get a good hard clit whipping and if you move, it will be harder and longer."

I feel myself getting wet as I watch Tammy's clit get hit by the strap. She is making a lot of noise, but she isn't moving. I put my hand down between my legs and slowly start rubbing and squeezing. I can feel my clit tingle with excitement. After every couple of strokes

the teacher stops and lightly touches Tammy's cunt to see how wet she's getting.

"I hope you are learning your lesson, Tammy. All the other girls are having a good time watching you get whipped. Do you get disciplined like this at home? I am going to send a note home with you tonight to make sure you do. My, you certainly are getting wet. It will sting even more once you're wet. Only ten more strokes to go."

Of course the last ten are the hardest. For the rest of the day Tammy is forbidden to wear any underwear.

As soon as math class is over I race for the toilet. I have to come or I won't be able to concentrate for the rest of the day. There is no privacy in our school bathroom, but I don't care. I lean up against the wall, shove my hand down my underwear and rub my clit furiously. My whole hand gets slippery with cunt juice. I wish my lover were here - she fucks me so good. I keep rubbing my clit and thinking about Tammy getting it in front of the whole class. I can feel it building. . . right on the edge. . . too late too stop.

I explode and the gym teacher walks in. I am in the biggest trouble ever. We are allowed to masturbate at this school, but only after asking permission and only when in front of a teacher.

It was my bad luck to be caught by the strictest teacher in the school. I had heard that her detention punishments were the worst, but up until now I hadn't experienced one.

"Jenny, are you coming without permission?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"You know that is against the rules. After school you are to come down to the gym. You are to take off your uniform before you enter the gym. You and I will have our own private punishment session."

"Yes, ma'm."

"Get to your next class."

The next class goes by in a blur. All I can think about is the gym teacher. Everybody calls her the Drill Sergeant. She will make you do push ups and jog in place until you fall over and then tie you to a whipping horse for good measure. Her favorite instrument is the cane, but she builds up to that by using her riding crop first.

The worst part is waiting all through the day. I wish I could just go down there and get it over with. Whatever the gym teacher gave me was sure to be repeated at home that night to make



STORMY LEATHER

24 pages of Leather & Latex

toys, clothing and accessories

\$3 for Catalog

Stormy Leather
2339 Third Street #50
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 626-6783

Wholesale inquiries welcome

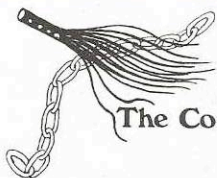
Exquisite Custom

Piercing and Jewelry



by Raelyn Gallina

Box 20034 Oakland, CA 94620
(415) 655-2855



SPARTACUS ENTERPRISES



The Complete Leather and Adult Toy Store

CUSTOM LEATHER DESIGNS BY:

S. M. Huber

and

Judy Tallwing McCarthey.

International Ms Leather 1987

● RESTRAINT SYSTEMS

● LARGEST SELECTION of TIT CLAMPS in the U.S. ● WHIPS, CROPS & PADDLES

● COCKRINGS

for a catalogue send \$2.00 with your name and address to:

Spartacus Enterprises

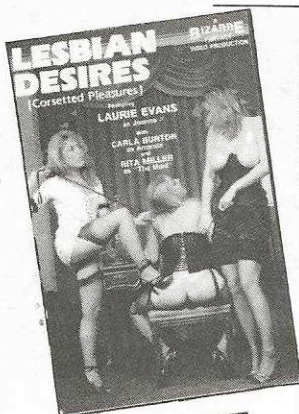
300 SW 12th Street

Portland, OR 97205

(503) 224-2604

WILD!

from Bean Blossom, Sizzling
Lesbian Lifestyle Tapes! Exciting,
Stimulating Videos!



Lesbian Dildo Fever: This tape is filled with steamy action... candid views of black and white women who enjoy each other. Candice Daly plays the Temptress, Tasha Voux is the "innocent." Watch Candice, the mistress, take advantage of Nicole, the little peasant girl. If you like girl/girl romance and adventure, watch it! Delightful!



**Call Bean Blossom
for Fast, Fast, Fast delivery!**

Toll-free 1-800-626-8031

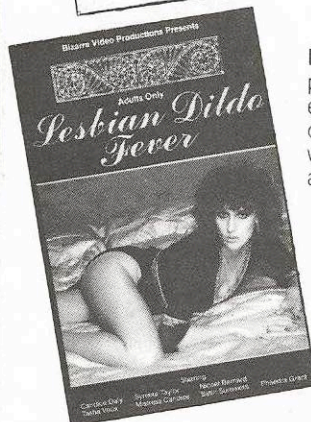
Visa and Mastercharge accepted!



Lesbian Desire: (corsetted pleasures): Welcome to the Victorian Age! Amanda and Joanna dress and undress in Period Costumes, including tightly-laced corsets. Marie, the maid, joins the party and is soundly bound and disciplined by Amanda. And watch Amanda suck up to men and cruelly spurn them. Mean, vicious sexual excesses!



All full-length videos... VHS or Beta... \$59.95 each... 2 for \$100... All three for \$140. Add all three to your video tape library. You'll enjoy these sensuous and beautiful productions again and again.!



Lesbian Dildo Bondages: Three busty blonde beauties appear in dream sequences of bondage and humiliation. A spread-eagled victim is tied and toyed with. Her sex is penetrated. The others watch and play with themselves and each other. Tongue-whipping. Tongue-stabbing. Licking. Smooching. Watch them go after it!



**Send for Catalog \$5.00
Write: Bean Blossom Ltd.
P.O. Box 484, Canal St. Station
New York, N.Y. 10013**

sure that I remember the lesson.

Lunch is my next subject. We don't get to eat lunch, but we have to serve it to the teachers. Sometimes if we are lucky they will give us a few scraps.

As I lean over to serve the gym teacher she says in a loud enough for everyone to hear, "Don't forget to come to the gym, Jenny, for your punishment session."

"Yes, Ma'm."

All the other girls serving lunch turn and look at me.

I only have one class between lunch and the end of the day. The class is called Service and it's twice as long as any other class. It's certainly not my favorite class, but at least I don't usually get punished in Service.

My first task was boot licking. There's a black leather barber chair sitting up on a platform at the front of the room. The Service teacher sits in the chair wearing her knee-length leather boots. I immediately get to work licking them. When the teacher feels I have missed something she taps me with her riding crop.

She even has me lick the bottoms of her boots. I keep thinking about it. I am licking dirt simply because I have been told to lick dirt. I am required to do exactly what I am told to do, without question, without hesitation. If one of the teachers wants to take me in to the bathroom and piss all over me, then that is what I have to do. I get wet just thinking about it. Total, complete submission. Merely being allowed to serve is an honor. Sometimes licking dirt can put me totally at peace. I float. I feel safe. Service class is one of the few times that all of my rebelliousness disappears. I really do need the discipline of this school.

After I finish the boot licking I am sent on to another Service teacher. She has me get down on all fours and rides me around like a pony in front of the other girls. She smacks one side of me with her crop to indicate which way she wants me to turn. A small rope is thread through my nipple rings and she pulls back hard when she wants me to stop. Being a pony gives me plenty of time to think about the dreaded gym teacher. Before I know it class is over and it is time to go down to the gym.

I stand outside the gym door and take off my blouse and underwear. I fold them neatly and put them on the floor. I don't want the gym teacher to have any additional reasons to punish me.

I open the door. She has changed her clothes. She is now wearing tight black

Levi jeans, a wide belt, cowboy boots, and a leather vest with nothing on underneath. My clit jumps, but then fear squelches any wetness that was about to start. I walk towards her, and drop my gaze to the floor.

"Stand at attention."

I stand as straight as I can, staring directly in front of me as she walks around me, prodding me with her crop.

"So you like to come without permission? I'm sure we can change that. I think you need to be taught a lesson in obedience, a little good old-fashioned discipline. What do you think about that?"

"Yes, Ma'm."

"Tell me what you are here for."

"I am here to learn obedience Ma'm. I am here to be disciplined."

"Good. Very good. A quick learner. Now, tell me why you broke the rule."

"I couldn't help it, Ma'm. I was so horny."

As I am talking she rubs her crop all over my body. When I explain why I broke the rules she starts to rub the crop between my legs.

"Spread those legs. I want to see that greedy little cunt of yours. So you were so horny. Are you wet now?"

"No ma'm."

"And why not?"

"Because I'm scared, Ma'm."

"Good. If we just keep you scared enough then you won't be rushing off to the bathroom to rub that hungry little clit of yours. Drop down and give me ten push-ups - on the double."

I get down in position and struggle through ten.

"That was a good start. Now let's see ten more."

This time she stands behind me and makes me spread my legs while I perform. I make it through five and fall flat on the floor. Swat. From out of nowhere her crop lands hard on my bare bottom.

"I know you can do better than that. Get going."

I make it through the last five push-ups with only two more swats.

"Now get up and start running in place. I can feel my tits bouncing up and down. It's so embarrassing."

"Get those knees higher." Swat.

"Faster." Swat. Swat.

I can feel the sweat rolling down my sides.

"Fetch the whipping horse."

The horse is not your ordinary whipping horse. Besides the shackles for each leg and arm there is a dildo mounted on top.

"Mount the horse. Hurry up. Put that dildo where it belongs. You're going to come for me little girl, and then you are going to get the hardest caning of your life."

I can hear her taking her belt off. She drapes it on my back.

"Do you know what this is?"

"Your belt, Ma'm."

"And do you know what I am going to do with it?"

"Hit me, Ma'm."

"That's right, Jenny, very good, and do you know what you are supposed to do while you are being hit?"

"I'm supposed to come, Ma'm."

"That's right."

I rock back and forth as the belt lands rhythmically on my backside, my legs, my shoulders. I'm used to my fingers to play with myself. I try to picture my lover fucking me. The belt keeps hitting spots that are already sore. Finally, I come for her, more out of exhaustion than anything else. I lie draped over the horse, sweating, panting, completely spent. A few moments of blissful peace go by and then I hear that awful sound: her famous cane cutting through the air.

"Well, I think you are finally ready to learn. I find that students are usually quite receptive by this point. Especially when I tell you this: if you ever break this rule again you will not be punished by the teacher who finds you, you will be brought here and punished by me. And if you think you hurt now, imagine what I will do to you if I find that you have not learned your lesson."

"Now why are you here?"

"Because I broke a rule, Ma'm."

"Correct. We are ready to begin. I want you to count each stroke of the cane out loud and thank me after each stroke."

Whoosh. "One. Thank you, Ma'm."

"Two, Ma'm." Whoosh. "Thank you, Ma'm."

Each stroke is like a line of fire. After five strokes she runs her hand lightly across my burning skin. Her touch feels so good, so gentle, that I start to cry.

"Are you ever going to break a school rule again?"

"No, Ma'm, never."

She gives me five more strokes, "to help me remember," and then I am dismissed.

My lover is waiting for me in front of the school. I get in the car.

"It looks like you've had quite a day at school. You haven't misbehaved, have you?"

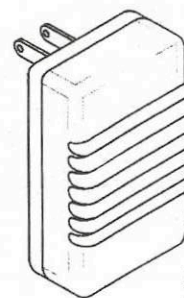
"Well, sort of. . ."

"Why don't you tell me about it? And so I did."

The new

humdinger™

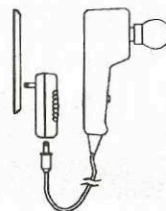
Massager Modulator



a new
throbbing
sensation
for your
vibrator!

Just plug in
and turn on!

\$29.95



Package Deal:

Get a Humdinger Massager Modulator
and a Prelude 3 Massager Kit for \$49.95
Send check or money order to:

RESPONSE TECHNOLOGIES

2550 Shattuck Ave. #75A

Berkeley, CA 94704

PROMPT REFUND IF NOT SATISFIED

Distributor inquiries invited.

Think of Us

For that "Special Occasion", or for
strictly business . . .

- Panoramic views of the City
- Hot tub and sun deck
- Luxury limousine service
- Suite available for private parties
- Candlelight gourmet dinners served in the elegance of our dining room or the intimacy of your boudoir
- Conference room and secretarial services available
- First class accommodations for the woman travelling on business or pleasure



The
Langtry
Bed & Breakfast

637 Steiner St.
San Francisco,
CA 94117
415/863-0538

Herotica ...

...sizzles and satisfies. Adventurous, diverse and sophisticated, these twenty-one erotic stories selected by *On Our Backs* editor Susie Bright are refreshingly unpredictable. \$8.50, 160 pages.

Get your copy of *Herotica* at

Good Vibrations

3492 22nd St., San Francisco CA 94110
or by mail at the special postpaid price of \$9.75.



SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

YOUR BEST SOURCE FOR A UNIQUE ASSORTMENT OF BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AUDIO & VIDEO TAPES, GROOMING AIDS, AND TOYS FOR ALL SORTS OF ASSPLAY, CB, TT, BONDAGE, ETC., ETC., ETC.



Ken Lackey
Sales Manager
(415) 978-5377

285 SHIPLEY ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

STORE HOURS:

MON-FRI 10 AM-6 PM
SATURDAY NOON-5 PM

THE SANDMUTOPIA GUARDIAN

& DUNGEON JOURNAL

The S&M Publication for men and women of all sexual orientation



- Techniques •Safety •Psychology
- Equipment •Toys •Classified Ads

\$18.00 4 issues by bulk mail (US only)

\$24.00 4 issues by First Class Mail (US & Canada)

\$33.00 4 issues by air printed matter, elsewhere

Desmodus, Inc.

PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

NEW VIDEO RELEASE

from LAVENDER BLUE
COLOR • 30 MINUTES • EXPLICIT

FANTASY DANCER



FANTASY DANCER

\$29.95 ea.

CA add 6% sales tax

\$2 ea. shipping and handling

Send for free color brochure

PLEASE VERIFY YOU ARE 18 OR OLDER

TIGER ROSE DISTRIBUTING

P.O. Box 609 • Cotati, CA 94928

VHS ☐

BETA ☐

ONE WOMAN'S DREAM
ANOTHER WOMAN'S FANTASY
ONE MAN'S NIGHTMARE

VAMPIRE (continued from page 31)

smiled. It was a minor triumph, a small victory, to have them share even this much common ground - a quiet smoke together in a dark alley, with rats just out of eyeshot, telling each other their tribal stories about eating garbage and tormenting human babies, fucking their mothers and devouring their own succulent children.

Smoke curled around her fingers as she resumed talking. "I have been an archivist of your legend ever since I came to the city. In fact, your legend is what brought me here." Kerry gave her a brief nod, accepting this as her due. "I've been collecting all the stories about you, verifying what I can, making observations of my own. I'm always interested in legends even if the people who inspire them are not really of mythic proportions. But when I realized just how legendary you truly are, I began to keep very close track of you. As far as I know, James was your last... shall we say, completely satisfying experience? It's a little less cold than calling him a meal. He says you tied him down, took a scalpel, exposed an artery in his thigh and partially sutured it, slit it between the sutures and drank nearly a pint of his blood before you pulled the stitches tight and closed the incision with butterflies of surgical tape. All with his permission, of course, and he says it made you quite sick to have that much at once. He was close to passing out, so he may have been hallucinating. But I don't think so. Was his blood bad? Is that what stops you now? A fear of tainted blood? Disease, perhaps? Or did you get enough from him to last you all this while?"

Now they both knew the game, her question and the answer, and Iduna saw the mirrored shades removed for her benefit, saw herself regarded by cold eyes, eyes surrounded by darkness, eyes that already saw her dead in six different positions. "James," said Kerry hoarsely, "talks too much."

"Don't be hasty," Iduna cautioned, smiling and blowing smoke up at the moonless sky. "Surely you haven't lived this long by being rash and impulsive."

Now it was her turn to be laughed at. After all her casual conversation about other people's blood, it was horrid to feel her own turn to cold sludge, stop running through her veins, then freeze solid, liable to break like glass and cut her to pieces inside if she moved.

Well, but... Iduna had been in some very dangerous places, and she always

spoke to the people she met there. Otherwise, life would turn into an ordeal instead of an adventure. Now, she spoke as if to her lover, which of course is the most dangerous audience of all.

"Wouldn't you like to know how I figured it out?" The question was a caress. She made herself wait for the curt, reluctant nod before she continued. "To begin with, there is your name. It means 'son of the dark one.'" She paused for that to sink in, then said politely, "You have not asked, but my name is Iduna. In ancient Norse mythology, Iduna guarded the golden apples of immortality." "But in our case, my love, the apples are the brightest, truest red imaginable," she thought, but did not say.

Kerry twitched. But Iduna felt like being a little ruthless. It was rude, forcing someone to make their own introduction. "You have trouble remembering your age and your birthday. You've told some people you're twenty-two and other people you're thirty-five. There are certain historic periods you are very fond of, and when you speak about them, you occasionally lapse into the first person and the present tense. You speak several languages; however, none of them (with the exception of your American English) is contemporary. I am enough of a linguist to recognize nineteenth-century French when I hear it, and your German is full of colloquialisms from the 1930s. You say you were born here, but there is no birth certificate on file for you in any of the five boroughs of New York City." In the process of investigating Kerry, Iduna had figured out how to dummy up this basic I.D. for herself. "You need some help," she thought. "It's dangerous to fall behind the times."

"You are photophobic. You don't even like the brightly lit area of the bar where all the other S&M dominants stand and model. You wait for your prey in the shadows. You have unusual strength, you are preternaturally quick, and you have an ability to see in the dark and hear things no one else can hear. Your sense of smell is also very keen. I've traced some of your employment, and much of it is at places where you can handle blood or blood products. All of these jobs have been abruptly terminated for mysterious reasons, and you have not had one for quite some time. You do not have sex, ever, with anyone that I've been able to locate and, given your reputation, I would imagine that someone who had come close enough to even lie about it would have claimed they had

made love with you by now."

Kerry shuddered delicately. "Sex with a victim," she said with great distaste, "is out of the question."

Iduna ignored this aside. "All of this could simply mean you are an adventurer, a liar, a psychopath, a soldier of fortune, or a celibate, amateur hematologist, but I don't think any of these explanations are logical. So many of the stories about . . . you people are idle fantasy or vicious gossip motivated by religious bigotry, but I know enough not to expect you to turn away from crosses. Your kind is far older than Christianity. You love garlic, and you have a perfectly good reflection in a mirror. But I don't need evidence as crude as that to recognize you for what you are. You are a predator, and human beings are your natural prey. Humans like to believe that they are the ultimate predators, at the top of the food chain. They sleep secure in the belief that nobody stalks them. It is only their deep need for this illusion that keeps people from recognizing you, running away from you, and screaming their fool heads off."

A grin matched the skull on Kerry's cap. "Ah, but people do run from me, screaming."

"When you are partially unveiled, yes. During the Epiphany, then they scream and escape if they can."

"But you have not screamed. Or tried to run. You came after me, Iduna."

Her own name spoken in Kerry's cold voice made her shiver. "Perhaps it's because, despite all my circumstantial evidence, I'm still not sure just who or what you are. And there is only one way for me to be sure, isn't there?" She put her hands to her bodice and touched the ruby skull. "This dress has a built-in corset, a very old-fashioned one, of a seventeenth-century pattern," she said. "The jacket covers the laces so most people don't notice. It has a busk in the front. That was the earliest form of stay, you know. Only my busk is rather special." From between her breasts she pulled a very slim blade. The grinning jewel was its pommel. Before it was fully exposed, Kerry had a knife in her hand, poised for use. Iduna ignored this, put the thin steel between her teeth, and removed her black jacket. The long sleeves were quite tight, and she had to turn the damn thing inside out to get it off.

"Have you ever noticed my veins? Probably not. You haven't been watching me the way I've been watching you, and anyway, I don't expose a lot of skin

Susan O'Dell a.c.s.w.
counseling & psychotherapy
3220 N. Sheffield
Chicago, IL 60657
(312) 871-2337

1700 East 56th Street #304
Chicago, Illinois 60637
(312) 752-1371

CHARLENE BRUHL, M.A.
ACSW/CSW

Specialist:
Human sexuality
Consultation & Training
Psychotherapy

Fallen Angels
Your One Stop Gay Store

All Leather
DILDO HARNESSES
24.95
plus \$5 shipping

**EVERYTHING IN OUR STORE
CAN BE BOUGHT
MAIL ORDER**



*This and other
Fineline cards available*

3045 N. Federal Hwy
Store 98 Coral Center
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301
(305) 563-5230

ON OUR BACKS, SPRING, 1986

Joan Nestle
Tattoo Blue Leather Dyke
Butch/Femme Astrology
Honey Lee Cottrell
Lesbians and STD's



\$5
526 Castro
San Fran, CA 94114

SOUTH BAY BULLETIN BOARD

A personal ad on the telephone



"We didn't know what it was, so we called up and loved hearing all these different womens' messages... So spontaneous, something so real about hearing their voices instead of reading a personal ad in the paper. It was so fun, we left our own ad. We said, 'Hi! We are Debi and Gia... We have been working so hard putting out the fall issue of On Our Backs, and we really need two women to give us a hot tub, massage and a 'work out.' So call us at..."

-Debi and Gia,
Publisher and Designer (horny)
On Our Backs

HEAR SIX MESSAGES OR LEAVE YOUR OWN
FOR ROMANCE OR FRIENDSHIP

(408)
976-2002

\$2 plus toll if any

in the clubs. I like to show cleavage and nothing else, not even my forearms or my calves." Kerry was staring at her décolletage. Iduna knew that her breasts

were very prominent and was always amused by men and women who were so attracted to them that they talked to her tits rather than to her face. It was appropriate, in a way, because breasts were symbolic of nurturance. "But the nourishment I provide," she thought, "is not milk, but a different humor."

She continued her pedantic, distracting speech. "My skin is very pale, almost transparent. It looks fragile, but I heal very quickly. My veins are close to the surface, easy to get to. See how thick and blue they are? I never have any trouble giving blood. The needle just pops right in, and out it spurts. Easy as sin."

She was picking at her wrist with the point of the blade, then caressing the inside of her elbow. "All it would take is a little more pressure, and we'd have a fountain here. A scarlet fountain, pouring onto the dirty ground, completely wasted, unless... unless someone had a use for it. Unless someone caught it in their mouth before it hit the ground. Caught it and drank it, took life from it, rolled it around their tongue and palate and described the vintage to me, swallowed and swallowed as if they would never get enough. Look, my pulse is beating right here."

The arm held out was steady, not shaking. A glinting edge pressed against old scars along the vein, hard enough to make an indentation but not to break the skin. The sight made Kerry's leather-clad hips jerk, just once, but Iduna saw it and was immediately excited. How interesting, to see a reflexive response there, in the crotch, instead of just the jaws and hands. What possibilities it opened up... but the words the leatherwoman spoke next shattered her erotic fantasies.

"You will bleed to death if you cut yourself there, that way," said she. It might have been a report on the temperature and time of day.

"Don't you want it? Need it? Wouldn't you like to smell it, falling through the air? The wind is behind me. It would bring the scent to you at once, fresh and abundant."

The other shook her head. "No."

"No?"

"No. Why are you surprised? Even if this mad story you've concocted is true, you yourself said I've already gone without it for months."

Iduna made the mistake of arguing. "Then the need must be intense right

now. You must be hungry. I don't think you'll die without blood, but it must make you feel a little sick to be deprived. A little less powerful than usual, a little less energetic. Distracted. Frustrated. Off."

Iduna had never had someone pay so much attention to her with such a look of utter indifference on their face. She had not anticipated this much resistance. This was even more difficult than locating her quarry in the first place. Clearly, the offer of her wrist was not enough. Perhaps scars annoyed them. She thought they had a heat-seeking sense, like rattlesnakes. She imagined that scars would be like cold streaks in the hot aura that radiated through the skin, making the marked person less appealing than someone with a smooth body. Perhaps this one was just fastidious about unzipping an old scar, thought of it as drinking from a glass someone else had already used.

She probed again, looking for the weak spot, the turning point, the breaking point. "Do you prefer men, is that it? Is it because women are weaker, smaller, and too quickly drained? But then, I've never heard of you leaving anyone bloodless and dead. So why should it matter. I know most of you don't need as much blood as the stories say you do. Too many of those legends are about the stupid and greedy ones, the ones so unrelentingly selfish they get caught. Or the ones who unfortunately can't live on anything other than human blood. Why are you denying yourself this pleasure?" She dared to allow human compassion to creep into her voice. "You must have had to develop an enormous amount of self-control and get awfully good at living in a constant state of deprivation. Is that why you stopped after James, to prove that you could do without it if you had to? But it's not necessary now. I want you to have me."

The stony face of the other said, "Don't try to cozen me. In a thousand years, you could never understand what I am, where I have been, what living has done to me."

Iduna despaired. Her head drooped, and Kerry almost felt sorry for her. Then inspiration struck. "Or could it be that you would rather drink your life from a woman, hold her in your arms, slit her throat with your teeth, then eagerly gulp down what wells up around your mouth - yet you refuse to let yourself have me because you would enjoy it too much and then want it and need it again? Are you afraid you would lose control if you

got what you really want?"

There was no change in the other's fighting stance and icy expression. The air between them simply became busier, hummed like a high-voltage wire, stank of ozone, seemed to turn an even darker shade of midnight blue.

Now or never. It was the moment that would decide the outcome of the hunt. Iduna stared into Kerry's eyes, covered with the reflecting aviators, and used the tiny portrait in them to guide her hand while she made two slashes at the place where her breasts came together, a little 'v' that fit into her cleavage. The blood immediately started to rill, and she cupped her hands under her breasts to help her corset push them close enough together to gather it and keep it in a pool.

She knew that she was as beautiful then as she ever would be - her head tossed back, her mass of curly, blonde hair being rearranged by a breeze, her white throat, shoulders and breasts exposed, and the red color of the thread of blood just barely distinguishable from the ebony of her dress in the darkness.



She thought for a moment that her adversary had disappeared, because she suddenly was not where she had been. But then muscular hands dug into her back, claws bent and held her. There was a tongue lapping between her breasts, but what was there was quickly consumed, and then there were sharp teeth biting, and warm, soft, strong lips pressing around them, sucking. The pain disappeared as soon as her blood mingled with the fluids in the other's mouth. Of course there's no pain while they're feeding, she thought sleepily. It's an adaptive trait, evolutionarily speaking. . . The hands moved to her breasts and began to knead them, like nursing kittens, and she writhed from the sudden pleasure it brought her. Apparently she moved too much, because one of the hands left her breast and took her by the hair. Steel fingers kept her bent back in a perfect bow, the bleeding part of her uppermost, taut, and available feast.

She could smell her own blood. It was sickening and yet very satisfying, familiar, comforting. The scent of fresh blood was nicer than menstrual fluid, though it was always pleasant to bleed. The body over her moved convulsively,

paying heed only to what it was drawing in from her, taking care only that she would not escape until she had given satisfaction, satiation, quieted all hunger. She was painfully aware of her heart beating in her left bosom, and realized that was that the brutal hand kept milking and bruising, as if to keep the heart pumping, as if to squeeze its contents directly into the waiting mouth full of razors.

Iduna slipped on the gravel, and immediately the hand left her breast and a strong arm was wedged between her legs, the hand clasping the small of her back, holding her the way a mother holds an infant. She realized by the mushy feel of her panties against Kerry's leather sleeve that she was wet down there, too, as wet as the mouth that fed on her. Her assailant realized it, too, because she ripped at her panties, literally clawed them to pieces, and then she was being crammed full, opened terribly, spread far too wide, almost lifted off her feet by the force of the fucking, and it hurt so much for so long that she came, came even as the canines sank another notch into her cuts and drank fresh blood from the deepened wound. Which penetration made her come? She did not know.

Then she was being picked up, cradled. Adults are usually not lucky enough to re-experience this infantile pleasure. Even she had not guessed just how strong Kerry really was. A face was close to hers, familiar for its wolfish features, unfamiliar for its look of peace. The teeth in that smile were stained, and the tongue was cupped. The mouth came toward hers, and she opened her mouth, and the tongue slid into her and fed her a mouthful of her own blood. They kissed around it, neither one swallowing, keeping the blood between them to taste, play with, and savor for as long as possible, until their mouths were so full of saliva they had to swallow or let it run down their chins. Then Kerry bent down and took more, and offered it to her again, and this time Iduna leaped for it, bit at it, then worried the mouth that spit blood into hers. Now there were words being spoken in between the kisses, words that said, "Be careful. Are you really sure you want some of *my* blood?"

Iduna almost wept with gladness. So there was love here, or at least need - a need to keep her available for another feeding. It is only when they become indifferent or vengeful that the undead make their victims like themselves, immortal predators and thus useless and untouchable. When passion returned,

"They're Antique Electrical Toys?"

"Yes Virginia,
from our friends at
SHOCKVALUE,
and they are now offering
exotic jewelry, wooden yokes,
stocks, and paddles."



MAGNETOS
INDUCTORIUMS
ELECTREATS
U.V.'S
(High frequency units)
and more!

Send \$5.00 for your informative
illustrated brochure today to

SHOCKVALUE

P.O. BOX 16383
Pittsburgh, PA 15242

FESTIVAL '88

WOMEN'S MOTORCYCLE

THE EVENT

September, 1988

THE NEWSLETTER

Chrome Rose's Review

THE VIDEO

Women's Motorcycle Festival '86
\$39.95

Write: 7 Lent Avenue, LeRoy, N.Y. (716) 768-6054



WORLD BODY PIERCING EXPERTS

ONLY GAUNTLET offers safe
stainless and gold jewelry especially
designed for body piercings.
ONLY GAUNTLET publishes a unique
magazine for piercing fans. Send \$10
for catalog and sample magazine.



8720 Santa Monica Blvd.
Los Angeles, California 90069
Phone (213) 657-6677

For expert piercing in the San Francisco
area, call Cleo at (415) 861-8347.



she was careful not to bite the other's lips
or tongue.

"Take me with you," she whispered,
and her bearer did not ask her where or
when, just carried her away in a rush of
black and silent wind. Oh, how she had
missed being transported this way, ef-
fortlessly, in the grip of something far
more powerful than herself, so powerful
that it was pointless to worry about the
destination or what would happen once
they arrived there. The venom that had
prevented her blood from clotting and
closing the wound sang now in her veins,
making her see colors behind her closed
eyelids, making her warm inside and
simultaneously relaxed and alert. No
other drug could ever duplicate this
ecstasy, this calm. She should know, she
had had long enough to search for a
substitute. Her thighs trembled, need-
ing to be separated, and the arms around
her tightened, hurt her and reassured
her.

Her arms full, but under no strain, Kerry
felt amazed, disgusted with herself,
hopeful, but terribly afraid. She had a
low tolerance for ambiguity. It slowed
her down too much, made her angry.
She had succumbed to temptation, and
that was a dangerous weakness. She
had not kept her secret, which must mean
she had been careless. If one woman
could ferret it out, someone else could.
Furthermore, she had not slain her dis-
coverer. This was surely stupidity. The
code had been violated beyond repair. It
was time for another change, another
sleep, another decade, another name.

But this blood - whose? Her name was
... Iduna - Iduna's blood had been very
good. She had never had it offered this
way, seductively, with persistence and
determination, or felt it being given up
with joy. But should the pleasure of
feeding be mutual? It made her uneasy,
no matter how many times she had
imagined it and craved it. Now, of course,
she wanted it again, and how she re-
sented that! Would there be more nour-
ishment, more pleasure from this source?
Or would the woman wake up sweating
with the fear of death and the devil, sick
of what she had done, and repudiate it
and try to make her terror public? What
did it mean, to be offered blood by a
mortal who claimed to know what she
was doing? Could anyone who was not
like herself really know what it meant?
Had any of her kind ever felt this way,
asked themselves these questions? Per-
haps it would be better to allow her own
veins to be opened, briefly become prey,
and turn this taking heifer into a hated

peer. That image brought too much shame, hostility, and desire (yes, desire) to be tolerated for long. What had she done?

She wrapped Iduna's cloak more snugly about her, to shut out the cold, transparent fingers of the wind, hugged her newly opened vessel to her breast, then took her deeper into darkness. The Eyrie was still far away. The slut moaned, twisted, and exposed her throat. She wanted it again. It was going to be difficult to avoid draining her completely before dawn. *What had she done?*

Safe, at home in the inhuman arms, Iduna dabbled her fingers in her still-oozing wound and thought, 'After the long hunt, the desperate search, the years of doing without, being alone and bereft, with no wings to shelter me, no sharp teeth in any of the mouths that kissed me, I have you. You are no dream, no fantasy. Finally, my treasure, my pet, my lord, I will make you my beloved. Your strength, you magic, my death and your immortality - I have it all within my reach.'

This rare and beautiful creature did not know now happy she was going to make her, how much she would change her life. Iduna assumed she would never know how Kerry really felt about her, if only because she was so ignorant about her own emotions. The first one, the almost-forgotten one, so needy and yet powerful, had been that way, and Kerry seemed younger, less experienced than it. But Kerry would always need her because her blood was so sweet. Evolutionarily speaking, it was an adaptive trait. And she knew how to make it interesting to take. She had been well schooled.

How old are you, Iduna wondered, and how old am I? Will you ever bother to ask me the kind of questions I've been asking about your kind for these countless, lonely, crazy years? Is my blood, precious as it is to me, enough to pay for the wonder and contentment I feel in your presence.?

She twined one arm around her captor's neck and reached with the other hand for the leather seam that accentuated, pulled up and divided Kerry's genitals. The curve was like a ripe peach pushed into her hand. It rubbed insistently against her palm. Kerry made the same noise she had made to warn the man in Purgatory to keep his distance, but Iduna only smiled. Abstinence is the mother of shameless lust.

"Sex doesn't seem to be out of the question after all, does it?" the vampire said.

LESLIE HALPERN

Psychotherapy
for
Individuals and Couples

Group Therapy
for
Sex Industry Workers

L.C.S.W. #11011929
Insurance Accepted
San Francisco 863-7473

WOMEN'S WRESTLING

Video Productions From
The Lady Hawke Gym

For listing
Send \$1.00 to:
Lady Hawke Ent.
P.O. Box 2518
Vancouver, WA
98668-2518

Curl Up With Something New

Ripening, Valerie Taylor. Conclusion to the popular, enduring Erika Frohmann series. A book all Valerie Taylor fans will want to read. \$8.95.

These Lovers Fled Away, Morgan Graham. Romance based on the lives of Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby, "the Ladies of Llangollen." \$8.95.

Profiles Encourage, Pamela S. Johnson. (Nonfiction) Biographies of twenty modern-day women. Some included are: Rachel Crotto, Carolyn Carney, Katherine J. Hamilton, and Jinx Beers. \$8.95.

Like Coming Home: Coming-Out Letters, edited by Meg Umans. (Nonfiction) Coming-out letters. Compelling reading. \$7.95.

(Don't forget to order Corinne's *Dreams of the Woman Who Loved Sex*, \$7.95; Azolakov's *Skiptrace and Cass*, \$8.95 each; and Kirkland's *Death Strip*, \$8.95.)

These books are available from your favorite bookstore or by mail from:

BANNED BOOKS, Dept. OUB, Number 231, P.O. Box 33280, Austin, Texas 78764

Add \$1.50 postage and handling for one (1) book. For more than one book, add 10% of order total. Texas residents, add 8% sales tax.



THE CRYPT

FOR THE
PLEASURE ORIENTED

1310 UNION ST.
SEATTLE, WA 98122
(206) 325-3882

2222 BROADWAY
DENVER, CO 80205
(303) 292-4040

4094 30TH ST.
SAN DIEGO, CA 92104
(619) 231-0374

CONTRIBUTORS

Ann Wertheim is currently in Sydney where she continues to write porn, dream and masturbate. Bear Johnston is a part-time writer and full-time sex maniac who lives in the Northeast; patiently waiting for another sexual revolution. Vanessa Kelly was originally trained as a research scientist but a few years ago, tired of counting lymphocytes, she moved to Vancouver to pursue gentler pleasures. Tee Corinne, notorious for her lesbian erotic photography, now has a bestseller of her erotic writing, *Dreams of the Woman who Loved Sex*. Look for her new lesbian sexual fiction anthology coming out from Banned Books this winter. Christine Cassidy heads for Tokyo this fall to teach English, finish her manuscript, and check out more hotel bathtubs. Christine Vilm, a professional (yet kinky) photojournalist and portrait photographer, lives in San Francisco and goes to all the best parties. Look for our cover artist, Susan Wilson, who is touring a color slide show of female erotica, in collaboration with storyteller Jennifer Justice's "Lavender Hearts" show. Myra Fourwinds continues to work towards her goal of lesbianizing the United States - a vibrator next to every bed and a dyke in every pot. Happy Hyder shot the first cover for *On Our Backs*, and it's with great excitement that we publish her work again. Happy is the former director of the Vita art gallery and a mainstay in the San Francisco lesbian art scene. Grace Lau is a fine arts photographer from London. Her work has appeared in publications as varied as *Antique Collector* to *Forum*. Dawn Lewis knows the sleaziest girls in San Francisco. She shot the still photos for Fatale's first videos and one of *On Our Back's* first "vanilla" covers in 1984. Marla BB, our cover model, sings the blues, rocks and rolls and deserves all the groupies this cover will win her. Tracy Mostovoy, winner of the Erotic Photo contest is moving to New York, much to our regret. Jacki Randall lives and works in Baltimore but makes her presence known here in San Francisco. Alison Bechdel is a cartoonist. Kyle Zimmerman is a photographer and independent phone sex entrepreneur living in San Francisco. Arlene Stein is a San Francisco writer whose work has also appeared in *The Nation* and *The Sentinel*. She is currently hard at work pondering the meaning of lesbianism in the 80's. Her collaborator, Jackie Urla, is an anthropologist who is now working on a Women and AIDS project. Anne Marie Hendrickson's "Date With Holly Near" first appeared in her neighborhood publication, *Shoe Polish Week*, from Brooklyn, NY. It first came to our attention when it was printed in a radical white collar workers' journal called *Processed World*, who shared a similar attitude as *On Our Backs* to sexual politics.

ON OUR BACKS HAS JOBS!

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND WRITERS

On Our Backs needs you. We have ideas for pictorials and features, you have more, plus the skills, commitment and enthusiasm to get the job done. Let's talk. Call us at 415-861-4723 or drop us a note including a sample of your work, to Editor, *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, S.F. CA 94114.

CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Needed for *On Our Backs* editorial staff. Duties: Acquisition, copywriting, editing, research, and networking. Original thinking, clear talking, familiarity with lesbian writers, and deadline temperment all essential. Editorial experience and PC knowledge required. 20/hrs a week. Send resume and letter of interest to: *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, S.F. CA 94114.

PUBLISHER'S ASSISTANT

Looking for Capricorn/Virgo mind with a touch of Sagittarius vision to be publisher's right hand. Attention to details, competency, responsibility and self reliance are needed to manage office and publisher's wide ranging affairs. PC knowledge, copywriting, and administrative assistant background necessary. 20/hrs a week. Send resume and letter of interest to: *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, S.F. CA 94114.

CLASSIFIED AD FORM

- ☐ BUSINESS: 40 CENTS PER WORD, \$2.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.
☐ PERSONAL: 35 CENTS PER WORD, \$1.00 FOR BOLD HEADLINE.

HEADLINE _____ (4 words max.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/ST/ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____

of words _____
x _____ \$
Subtotal \$ _____
Run ad how many
times? _____
Total \$ _____

Enclose Payment

SEND TO: ON OUR BACKS, 526 CASTRO, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94114

VIDEO AND MAGAZINE SALES

Do you think that lesbian erotic videos and magazines should be in every video and bookstore in the country? Can you SELL? You are sitting on a lesbian sex gold mine if you have the desire, commitment and ability. 20/hrs week, base plus commission. Send resume and letter of interest to: *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, S.F. CA 94114.

AD SALES

Are you interested in small businesses who have quality innovative products to sell to a lesbian market? Can you follow and develop leads; help businesses grow through advertising with the right design and message? Excellent communication skills, desire and sales experience and attention to detail all necessary. 20/hrs a week. Send resume and letter of interest to: *On Our Backs*, 526 Castro, S.F. CA 94114.

BUSINESS

WOMANLINK

Connecting leatherwomen world-wide. SASE to 2124 Kittredge, #257, Berkeley, CA 94704.

CHICAGO

New lesbian S/M and B/D club in Chicago, CUFF-LINKS, (312) 794-8946.

STEAMY EROTIC FICTION

Beautifully crafted stories, the book critics call "a classic of lesbian erotica." The Dress/The Sharda Stories, by Jess Wells; tales of first femme drag, a morning sex strategist, a phantom of lust who doesn't take no. \$7.95 plus \$1 postage from Library B Books, 584 Castro, #224-L, San Francisco, CA 94114.

WOMAN TO WOMAN
DOMINATION

By Mistress Dominique, Chicago's premier dominatrix. My 25-minute audio cassette tape will teach, train and make you experience all the feelings of domination. \$10.00 ppd. Over 21 statement required. P.O. Box 8227 Chicago, IL 60680.

LESBIANS OVER SIXTY

Other Lesbians want to know. For an anthology we are collecting accounts of love between women over sixty, by women over sixty, for their unique perspective on our loving lives. We are interested in reading your material. Send your poems, short prose pieces, letters, diary entries, songs, photos and drawings. Photocopies, please. Include SASE. Deadline extended to Crones Day - Halloween 1988. Send material to OLD LOVERS c/o WomanSpirit, 2000 King Mountain Trail, Sunny Valley, OR 97497.

SEXUAL MAGIC

The S/M Photographs, by Michael Rosen. A new book of fine art photographs of sizzling REAL, straight, lesbian and gay, sadomasochistic sex with revealing text by the participants. "The single best work on S&M I have seen."—*Growing Pains*. \$23 postpaid. Shaynew Press, Dept. O., POB 11719, SF, CA 94101.

CALL FOR WRITING

Explicit lesbian sexual fiction sought for anthology to be published by Lace Publications; nothing is too wild or too tame for us. Deadline: November 31, 1988. Send inquiries or submissions with SASE to Book Project, c/o Louise, P.O. Box 15001, Santa Rosa, CA 95402.

S/M NEW ENGLAND

SHELIX. New England S/M support group for Lesbians and Bisexual women since 1983 meets monthly in Northampton, Massachusetts. Topic discussions and support for safe, centered, consensual, loving S/M. Newcomers welcome. SASE for monthly newsletter to: SHELIX, POB 416, Florence Station, Northampton, MA 01060.

RADICAL HARDCORE
LESBIAN VIDEOS

Intense glossy insertions \$24.00 VHS. ASTRAL, Box 931753, Hollywood, CA 90093.

PUBLICATIONS

THE WISHING WELL

Lesbians write/meet through The Wishing Well, established 1974. Non-computerized, personal, warm, supportive, confidential, prompt. Code numbers used throughout. \$5 intro copy (discreet, 1st class). NEW: "Well Talk Tapes". Inquire: PO Box G, Santee, CA 92071-0167.

JUST US

A dating magazine exclusively for women wanting to meet women. \$10 (refunded) for details and sample copy to JU, POB 49285-LX, Atlanta, GA, 30359.

OUTRAGEOUS WOMEN

A journal of woman-to-woman s/m. Fantasy, analysis, erotic art and much more. Diverse national s/m quarterly by and for women. \$11/yr. Single issues \$3. Must state you are over 18. SASE for info: PO Box 23, Somerville, MA 02143.

ETCETERA

Traveling to Atlanta or the Southeast? ETCETERA, the Southeast's most widely read weekly magazine is available for only \$2.00 per issue. Send to

ETC, POBox 8916, Atlanta, GA 30306.

WICKED WOMEN

Australia's only lesbian porn magazine of diverse perversions for sexually adventurous lesbians. Subscription: \$40 (Australian) includes P&P, for 6 issues, P.O. Box 305 Redfern 2016 Australia.

PERSONALS

PERSONALS
ARE FOR WOMEN
SEEKING WOMENNAUGHTY IN
LOS ANGELES

I'm 42, 5'11", Caucasian, 230 lbs (should weigh 150) (I'm descended from a tall family: father 6'6", 2 brothers 6'8"). I desperately need a disciplinarian to force me to behave. I'm very responsive to proper guidance and tall, muscular women. Box 370.

WAITING FOR YOU

GWF 26 years old. Attractive femme, 5'8", physically fit with brown hair/eyes and very sensual. Seeking fit/muscular androgen or femme with above average looks for hot and passionate interludes, possible long-term. Blue eyes are a plus! MA, NH area. Wet and waiting. ... interested? Box 426.

DOMINANT BLACK
WOMAN

I like traveling, music, hiking, reading and control. Seek female submissive or slave into spanking, B/D, S/M, French/Greek, toys, foot worship and body service. Box 443.

SACRAMENTO

GWF, 31, would like to hear from other women in the area who are interested in S/M and all it has to offer. Am conservative in dress and manner, but one should not judge a book by its cover. My imagination is boundless. Box 444.

HOT IN HARRISBURG,
PENNSYLVANIA

Attractive blonde femme seeking attractive, sexy, slender woman to share my strong sexual desires and possible relationship. Send photo. Box 456.

SENSUAL BLONDE
BODYBUILDER

Tight, muscular 40D-36-42, blue-eyed bi wants No. California/Bay Area bi/lesbian (top/bottom) for very intense sensual play, no drugs/pain. Please send note/picture. Box 460.

WHERE ARE THE WOMEN?

I know you're out there. Tired of cruising the bars, but tired of being alone? Staying at home hoping someone will call? Join the club. Attractive, athletic woman with stable, good paying job looking for same. No pain. No drugs. Box 461.

WANTED: BEST PUNISHMENTS

Hi, my name is Zota. I've been a very bad girl. My master ordered me to write this ad. She wants help devising new punishments. Please send any suggestions. All will be tried - evaluations sent at your request. Box 463.

QUEENS, NEW YORK

Attractive 24-yr-old Black European seeks intelligent, attractive, slender, white, Jewish or Hispanic gay female. I adore classical, jazz and tennis. Serious replies please. Would like to hear from those in New York. Box 464.

BEAUTIFUL TINY MEXI-
CAN MASOCHIST

40, 4'10", 89 lbs, waist-length black hair, wants a white or Hispanic woman who will walk all over her. If you're afraid of hurting me, don't worry, believe me, I can take it. I need a sadistic bitch who will stop at nothing, "any" age or size. Lesbian couples welcomed. Box 465.

PUNKER SEEKS EASY
RELATIONSHIPS

Tired of head games, over-processing, no fun? Me, too. I live in No. California, I am 5'3", 135 lbs, black mohawk, I like loud music, sex, leather, sex, scooters, sex! T/B. Write and send picture. Box 466.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Wanted: woman who wants to have fun. Let's fuck, not fight. Need long-time lover, not sex on the run for a night. Box 468.

HOT KENTUCKY SLUT
Young, hot lesbian with boy-

friend seeks all hot lesbians or bi-girls for hot and fun times. I love kissing, undressing and eating you. I need a permanent live-in lover. S.A.S.E. to Box 469.

EROTIC LETTER - PIX EXCHANGE

Cute, petite, young, sexy, white lesbian cowgirl seeks all white bi-lesbians, any age, anywhere, no experience necessary, for dirty letter exchange. I love it all: masturbation, dildoes, cunt licking, also wet panty swap if interested. Special lust for teenage girls, sports players, tennis, racquetball, cowgirl-tomboys - come on girls, write. Photo ensures faster reply, nude not necessary. Box 408.

SLENDER YOUNG LESBIAN MAID

Maid wanted by young slender WF, catering 24-yr. old. Smaller boobs, slinky body. Be cute, I am. Nude photo please for friendship, love, sex! 5'2", 115 lbs, long brown hair and eyes. I love blonde ladies. Box 470.

TALL, ATTRACTIVELY PLUMP MASOCHIST

Seeking a tall, hunky, dominant butch to satisfy deep, submissive yearnings. I'm GWF, non-smoker, P.O. Box 10851, Glendale, CA, 91209.

MIDDLE AGE

Music, touch, talk, love. Can be all things to all wimmin. Photo, phone, love, it's a short parade. Box 472.

HOW ABOUT A THREE-SOME?

Slender, bisexual brunette female, 28, and safe, woman-loving male, 36, would like to meet attractive, sensuous bi or gay woman, living in NW Florida or free to travel, for mutual fantasy fulfillment and good times together. Send letter, photos exchanged. Box 474.

LOOKING FOR PEN PALS?

Try me! I'm 34, an S/M lesbian, into being spanked. Am a writer and a Christian minister. If you're lonely, I'm here. Box 475.

LOOKING FOR A DYKE

Attractive black feminine lady needs her dyke for domination and sex. We'll do it your way. All answered. Boxholder, P.O.

HOW TO ANSWER A PERSONAL AD

1. Write your reply to the woman you are interested in. Seal it in an envelope, with:

- your return address at the top left corner,
- her box number in the lower left corner, and
- a first class stamp at the top right corner.

If you don't include these three items, we cannot send your letter to the woman whose ad you so carefully answered. (Once we receive this envelope, and when we add her name and address, we can simply drop it in the mail.)

2. Now, fold this envelope and place it into another envelope. Address it as follows:

On Our Backs Personals • 526 Castro • San Francisco, CA 94114

Box 88345, Indianapolis, IN 46208.

LOOKING FOR WOMEN

To write hot, sexy letters with. I'm a very submissive woman, who enjoys writing sexy letters to dominant women. Have you an erotic imagination? I do. Age, race, not important - an imagination is. Box 477.

ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

SWBiF - You must believe I am Mistress. Don't let guilt get in your way. You must believe I am Mistress. Come take my hand and obey. Box 478.

SEXY CALIFORNIA LESBIAN MOTHER

28 yr. old, 5'3", 109 lbs. Enjoy meeting friends and penpals but mostly I would like to find a lover who is understanding, sensitive, caring, aggressive and playful. I'm very trustworthy, responsible, serious yet full of fun. I enjoy artwork, the beach, new bands. No mind games, heavy drugs, drinking, rowdies, or jealousies. Box 479.

DOMINANT EXTERIOR, SENSITIVE INTERIOR

Androgynous Italian 29 yrs old, seeks kind, honest, sincere person to relate with. I need a companion, playmate, lover. You must be competitive, athletic - no drugs, drinking, or hardcore dykes need answer. Just real tough/sensitive types who are not into games. Think you can beat me? I leave no fantasy untouched! Box 480.

ENTER ANOTHER DIMENSION

Earth-shattering, mind-bend-

ing, soul-reaching sex. I'm 25, very good-looking, funny, smart, good lover, passionate. You - fun, good-looking, passionate. I'm a sucker for Leos. Northern NJ. Box 481.

SEX RESEARCHER

I'm a 29-yr old San Francisco dyke doing research on lesbianism (really!). Will be traveling throughout the U.S. in need of friendly hospitality. Can you put me up for one or two nights? In return I'll tell you tales of SF lesbians and more. Box 482.

TALL, TRIM AND TORRID

Superior dominant beauty delights in controlling femme submissives personally or through correspondence. Seeks a devotee for extensive and prolonged regular training. Demonstrate your sincerity, manners and interest via detailed letter. Your photo gets mine. Box 483.

PRETTY BOTTOM WILL TRAVEL

Nice body, long brown hair, 24, seeking the rare, strong, virile top. Who can dominate and woman-handle me? Single women and lesbian couples; might relocate. Photo, phone number. Box 487.

EXPLORING FEELINGS

Yours are of leather, while mine are more lace. A firm, loving touch could make my heart race! Tall, slender, lightly femme, "Land of Enchantment" lesbian, early 40's, seeks sensitive, caring top from West Coast, Southwest or New Orleans to share feelings and TAKE ME - take us, soaring! Box 488.

MAN IN WOMAN'S BODY
Seeks wife. Petite, normal-looking, well-educated, often live in Europe, consulting engineer, leftish, experimental. Looking for woman, 35-45, with intellectual interests and exciting ideas. Box 489.

FRENCH GIRL "AU PAIR"

I'm 23 years old, often traveling in USA for my job. Really submissive. Keep me few days at home with you - available for domestic chores, sexual uses, and deserved punishments. Black ladies welcome, others too. Box 490.

SLUTTY SINGER SEEKS SUPPORT

Bay Area SM dyke/singer (a la Patsy Cline, Reba McEntyre, Billie Holliday) seeks drummer, guitar and bass players, and keyboards to initially do covers, eventually original work, yours and mine. Hoping to hit the big time with female leather country-style band. Box 491.

ENEMAS WANTED

M-F TV seeks dominant lesbian mistress who wants to make gay TV enema patient/slave pay. Seek spankings and enemas and will provide anything you want. Trained by lesbian ex-lover to be female. Honest ad by honest person seeking transgenderization. Box 364.

LEZ BE FRIENDS

Passionate, playful young lesbian seeks like-minded female for inspiring, erotically sensual correspondence. Let's share dreams, thoughts, fantasies. Box 492.

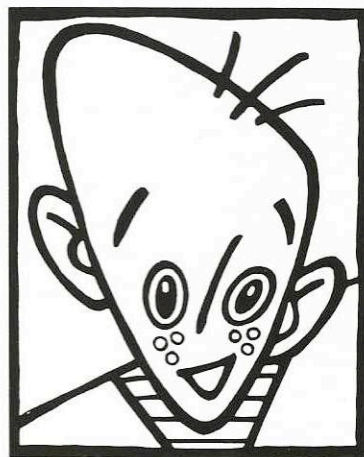
SEX-CRAZED LOVE GODDESS

(Good, you're paying attention) seekssame for intimacy, laughs, and hot monkey love. I'm 26, bisexual, into weird music, low humor, surrealism, therapy, mild S/M (bottom and top), trying new things (in bed and out), loud laughter, and crazed weasel humping. I want a relationship with sexual pleasure and emotional intimacy. No addicts, couch potatoes, or axe murderers. SF Bay Area. Send photo, stick-figure drawing, and/or two Kellogg's box tops to Greta, Box 493.

FASHION FOR WOMEN



FUN
CLOTHING
AND
ACCESSORIES



ROLO

AT
535 CASTRO
(415) 431-4545

AND
1301 HOWARD
(415) 861-1999

SAN FRANCISCO

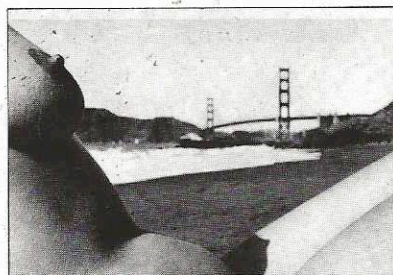
The Lesbian Erotic Calendar you've been waiting for... from On Our Backs!

LESBIAN



1989
ON OUR BACKS

calendar



*Flaunting lesbian sexuality in all its various styles
-as you expect from the makers of ON OUR BACKS*

Gorgeous, glossy photos

11 x 17

Useful date space

\$14 ppd

On Our Backs, 526 Castro Street
San Francisco, CA 94114

Free holiday gift wrapping, card and direct
shipment to giftee available on request